YANK

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By and for men in the service

SILVER HUNTER, MANILA BAY

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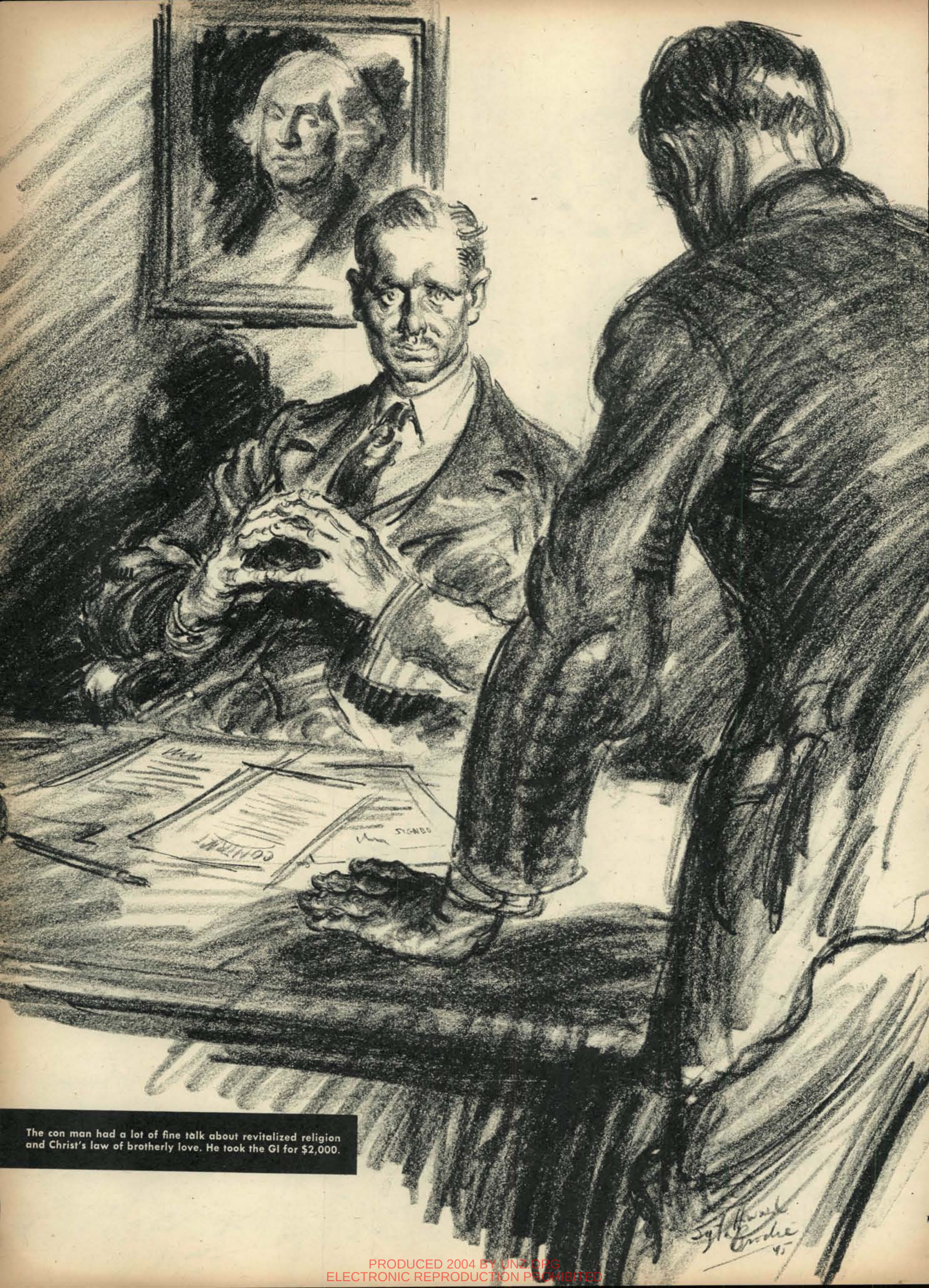

The con man had a lot of fine talk about revitalized religion and Christ's law of brotherly love. He took the GI for $2,000.

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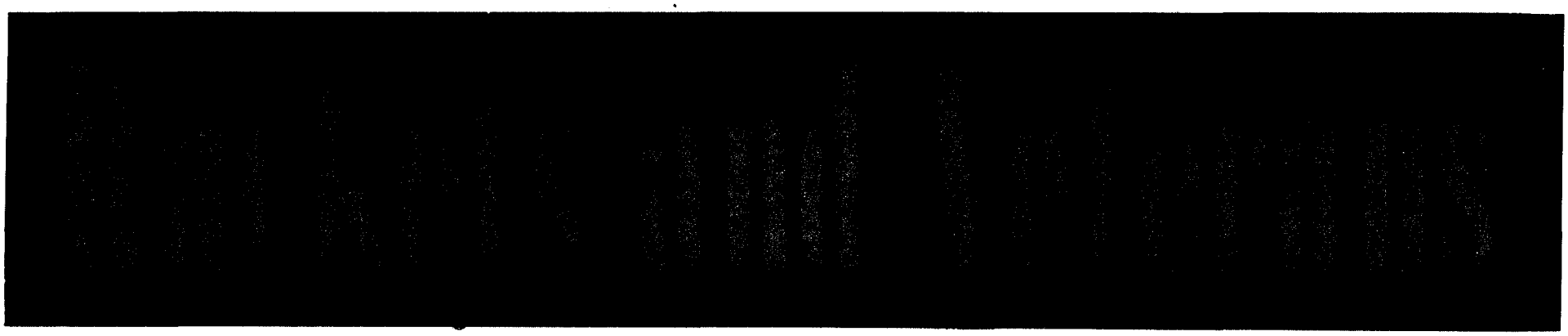

DON'T GET THE IDEA THAT EVERYONE IS OUT TO SKIN THE VETERAN, BUT THERE ARE SOME SLICK OPERATORS WITH EYES ON YOUR MUSTERING-OUT PAY. HERE YANK TELLS YOU WHAT TO WATCH OUT FOR

By Sgt. H. N. OLIPHANT
YANK Staff Writer

THIS is a nice country to come home to, but once you're back and out of uniform you'll do well to keep in mind that racketeers and swindlers still flourish in the U.S.A. Right now, it's estimated, racketeers and small-fry gyps are taking the U.S. public for more than 2½ billion dollars a year, and, according to the experts, their take is going to get bigger before it gets any smaller.

"We are being engulfed," says W. Dan Bell, executive director of the National Association of Better Business Bureaus, "by the greatest wave of swindling the country has ever known. And it's not hard to see why.

"Honey draws flies, and big money draws fly-by-night swindlers. Since Pearl Harbor, Americans have accumulated billions in savings—war bonds, securities and so on. And constantly pouring into the pot are the savings and mustering-out money of the thousands of servicemen who are being discharged every month. Not since the boom days following the last war have swindlers played for such high and easy stakes."

Bell thinks the easiest marks for racketeers just now are dischargees, servicemen's families and men in uniform, in just about that order.

"The dischargee," he says, "is usually so eager to get back into something productive that he doesn't stop to realize that there are lots of crooks prowling around who would just as soon fleece a man who has fought for his country as anyone else. In fact, swindlers generally prefer dischargees for their victims, because they figure a man who has been in the Army a long time gets so rusty on civilian business methods, property evaluations and so on that he becomes a natural sucker."

The old con game hasn't changed much. Essentially, despite some modifications and refinements, it's still the same routine. Smart boy sights sucker, takes same—and takes powder.

Today the ex-GI sucker is getting the hook from many directions. What he bites on depends on two things: What he is after and how much dough he has to lose. Most veterans are after good jobs. The bunco artists know that and are consequently all ready for veterans with a fancy assortment of job-rackets.

A job-racket is usually a cash-bond deal of some sort and works like this: For a substantial cash deposit, part of which, theoretically, is to be refunded when you draw your first pay check, the job racketeer promises to get you a classy job. He takes your name and address and says he'll get in touch with you as soon as the job is available. After sweating it out for a couple of weeks, you go to the racketeer's office to see what gives and you discover that he and your cash deposit have decamped together.

An ex-marine in St. Louis had a typical experience. Discharged after three years in the Pacific with a maintenance outfit, the former leatherneck went home with the idea of getting a job as a skilled mechanic. Before the war he had been a truck driver. He made the usual rounds on the jobs-for-veterans circuit, and the only thing he was offered was a job as a truck driver, which he was determined not to take. After a month's search for a better job, he saw an advertisement in one of the local newspapers: "Special employment service for veterans. Good jobs, good salaries. Hours 8 A.M. to 6 P.M. weekdays. B..... Employment Service."

When he went over to the place, the ex-marine met a fat, red-faced man who told him that a head mechanic's berth in a well-known St. Louis garage was open; salary, $100 per week. Then came the gimmick.

"Of course," the fat, red-faced man said, "you'll have to post a small cash bond. It's routine, you know—just a sign of your intention to follow through."

The ex-marine put up $50, with the understanding that $25 would be refunded to him at the end of his first week's work. Leaving his name and address, he went home to wait for the agency's call. He waited two weeks. When he went around to the agency's office to see what the hitch was, he found the place empty. The fat, red-faced man had used the office as a "front" for an intensive six-week campaign and then had scrammed.

Job racketeers do not always promise that they will refund a part of the ante. Often the sum they require in advance is supposed to represent the payment-in-full for the job they are theoretically getting for you. How do you spot them? The Better Business Bureaus say that when an agency asks you to put up a cash deposit for a job, you ought to ask the agency for a list of its registrations over a given period and the percentage of registrants who got jobs. Then call one of the Better Business Bureaus (there are 90 throughout the U.S.), and it will investigate the firm for you gratis. Of course, there are many legitimate employment agencies operating in the States. You shouldn't have any trouble identifying these, because such agencies are always glad to show you proof of their integrity.

THE WD estimates that from 3,000,000 to 4,000,000 ex-servicemen will eventually try to go into business for themselves, launching everything from grocery stores and private airlines to various kinds of home work. The swindlers are all set for them. "Sensational business opportunities" and "salary-paying partnerships in thriving concerns" are thicker than sand fleas in Texas.

Most dischargees are sucked into the "business opportunity" trap because they simply don't take the trouble to do a little investigating before they sign the papers and fork over the cash.

In St. Louis a veteran bought a restaurant. He took the precaution of visiting the scene of the crime before it was committed, but he apparently wasn't in a very critical state of mind. When the "broker" showed him the restaurant, the place was jammed and really jumping. There was a line of about 15 people waiting to get in. Two days later, after the papers had been signed and $1,800 had changed hands, the veteran began to smell a rat. The first day's business totaled five hamburgers and 12 cups of coffee. The second day was a little better on the coffee but the hamburgers fell to two. The veteran would never have found out what hit him if it hadn't been for a visit he had one morning from a seedy character who, being slightly crocked, spilled the works. The restaurant had been jammed the day the "broker" had shown it to the veteran because everybody in the joint had been given a free meal plus 50 cents for playing "customer."

Bunco men who work the "business opportunity" racket are hard to stop because almost all of them operate just within the letter of the law. While they may gyp the hell out of you, the deal as a rule is made with your voluntary consent and there's nothing the law can do either to recover your money or to stick the sharper who pockets it. If you get stuck, about your best recourse is to report the fraud to the nearest Better Business Bureau. Sometimes—by threats, or by lifting a telltale case history out of their files, or both—the bureau can induce a gyp to return at least part of your money.

The con man who plies the "business opportunity" racket today is not the character who used to stalk through the old melodramas stroking a big black mustache and brandishing a horsehide whip over the innocent babe whose mortgage was due. More often than not he is an affable-looking joe whose kindly puss could beam out of the second tenors in the Baptist Church choir without causing a tremor of suspicion.

An ex-soldier in San Francisco, who recently encountered one of these refurbished and pious-appearing gents, later told the local BBB:

"I came home planning to invest my money in the wisest possible way, whether it meant starting my own business or going in with someone else. I had read a lot about slick confidence schemes and I was sure I could detect any of them. Then I answered an ad which offered an interest in a small manufacturing concern. I was a little skeptical at first, but when I saw the man who was selling it I couldn't distrust him. He talked to me a long time about the need which the world has for a revitalized religion in these times, and he spoke of the practical application of Christ's law of brotherly love. In fact, he talked more like a saint than any man I had ever known, and so I ended up by investing $2,000 in the concern without asking him to prove that the concern had adequate machinery, supplies and orders. After our long talk, it wouldn't have seemed decent.

"After he got my money, I went over to the concern and found that the machinery wouldn't work—at least not well enough for money-making purposes. There weren't many orders, either. The worst part of the whole thing is that a good part of my investment was borrowed from my wife's relatives."

The "business opportunity" racket appears in an almost infinite variety of disguises, but if you're smart and can curb the dangerous yen to try to make a fortune overnight, you can usually spot it, because it invariably announces itself by casually offering you a J. P. Morgan income for an investment so small that even a debt-ridden pfc can afford it.

Generally, the offer first appears as an advertisement in the classified section of your hometown newspaper and reads like the one that appeared some time ago in a Pennsylvania daily:

"Postwar Security—Start your own business at tremendous profits, little or no investment. Book-

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let describing over 100 great money-making plans free. Box 2, ——, Pa."

Veterans who bit on that one ended up by sending $2.98 to a distributor who pocketed $1.50 and sent $1.48 to a certain publishing company. The publishing company then sent each of the suckers a book containing 127 "money-making plans." Some of them are honeys.

For example, Plan 7 offers a mouthwash that is supposed to kill the cigarette habit (scientists say there is no known formula for doing that). Plan 76 is a sales-pick-upper offering prizes to customers for guessing the number of pennies, beans or peas in a jar. It's a lottery and therefore illegal. Other plans include procedures for setting yourself up in business to sell dandruff, wrinkle, freckle and wart removers; also hair-straighteners, shaving creams and, according to one recipient, a technique for enlarging breasts.

In addition to the 127 plans in the book, the publishers announce a super-special "feature" called the "Success Plan," which they insist was perfected too late to be included.

"This plan," the national BBB says, "is really intriguing. It provides that you act as a distributor for the book for which you have just paid $2.98. In other words, you reverse the process you just went through. You run the ad, and when you get an order and $2.98 for the plans, you either forward $1.48 to the publishing company, which will fill the order for you, or you buy quantities of the book (300 for $300) and fill the orders yourself. Of course you have to buy the circulars, too, at the rate of $16 per 1,000.

"Those who answer your ad are supposed to do the same thing you did. The point to this kind of a racket is that almost always the only person who makes any money out of it is the sharper who starts it, and he usually ends up in the hoosegow."

The victims of that racket at least got a phony book for their money. Suckers in California, falling for a similar come-on, didn't do even that well. The ad they saw said: "NEW SENSATIONAL BUSINESS 10,000 percent profit; $25 capital needed; absolutely legal; $100 for proving untrue. CALIFORNIA BUSINESS ENTERPRISES, Box 349."

A Los Angeles veteran who wrote for particulars received a fancy red, white and blue circular restating the claims of the ad and asking for a $2 fee, for which he was promised a gander at "The Complete Plan" and a set of "special instructions." Kicking in, the vet in due course received "The Complete Plan," which was nothing but a form letter and said:

"This is a good business to enter, since you yourself invested $2. Now start up for yourself, using the same method, retaining each $2 received, and urge the senders to go into this business as we have urged you."

The buy-a-partnership angle of the "business opportunity" racket is also getting a play from veterans these days. Like the cash-bond gag for jobs, this scheme always involves an ante. One example of it, based on the testimony of a browned-off ex-soldier in Indianapolis, ought to give you a pretty good idea of how this racket commonly works.

Two weeks after his discharge, the Hoosier veteran saw an ad that offered a one-third interest in a "going concern for $2,500; with partnership goes position paying $50 weekly salary."

The "going concern" turned out to be an alleged real-estate firm, which impressed the veteran with its air of efficiency and prosperity. There were two secretaries, and the furniture and filing cabinets looked new and good. He coughed up the $2,500 without any further investigation. It didn't take him long to discover that the whole layout was phony. There was no business, and the two secretaries were plants.

When the veteran threatened to turn over his partner's name to the police, that slick-talking gent offered to buy the partnership back. So relieved that he lost whatever sense of caution he may have acquired from his first bamboozlement, the vet quickly settled for the promoter's IOU. The note was renewable, but it wasn't collectible. By the time the light of this second swindle dawned on him, it was too late for him to do anything about it, because the promoter had already hightailed it out of Indiana.

Before we leave the "business opportunity" rackets, here is some advice from the national BBB: "Don't be rushed into a deal. Get all verbal understandings in writing from the seller. Put the deal in escrow with a third reputable and disinterested party. Before you sign an agreement to buy, have all papers checked by your attorney and all books and records showing earning capacity, past profits, inventory, equipment, obligations, etc., checked by an accountant."

Next to getting a job or starting a business of his own, a veteran is usually most interested in setting up some kind of light or heavy housekeeping, building or buying a home, getting furniture, and so forth. The bunco boys, with a big bag full of oldies like the "free-lot" scheme, get-it-for-you-wholesale racket and switch games, are prepared to give him the works.

A number of veterans got a thorough bilking out of this little number: Through the mails they received cards advertising a "revolutionary" method of building plastic houses at $100 per room. To become privy to the secrets of this scientific marvel, they had to kick in $1.98, for which they received a four-page leaflet describing a formula for mixing sawdust and concrete into building blocks.

In the above paragraph you may have noted the phrase "through the mails." How did the bunco man get the veterans' addresses? That's an easy one. Every self-respecting racketeer carries around with him at all times a sucker list, commonly called a tap list. These lists are compiled from everything from newspaper items to personal interviews and include just enough information about potential or active suckers to enable a swindler to get right down to cases and accomplish the fleecing in a hurry. These sucker or tap lists are considered by the confidence world as the most valuable equipment, next to a devious brain, that a swindler can have, and are traded, sold and bartered throughout the country, so that a vast literature of tips on the various susceptibilities of people in nearly every community is continually circulating.

Today, sucker lists are studded with the names of veterans. These names are picked up as a rule in bars near separation centers, on buses and trains, or out of newspapers. Sometimes the items in a sucker list are merely names (as in the case of the "plastic" house deal) and are used chiefly for direct-mail come-ons. But more often the list contains fairly detailed information about the prospective victim.

For instance, near a separation center on the East Coast last May, a somewhat frowzy blonde was picked up on a prostitution charge. When they searched her, the authorities found a thick tap list. Here are a couple of items from it (names are, of course, fictitious):

"Jack Benton, Albany, N. Y. Wants to go into selling game. Likes his liquor. Has $1,000 in war bonds, couple hundred cash."

"Fred Maxton, Jersey City, married. Wants to buy home. Says he has $5,000 salted away. Has old job as bank clerk to go back to. Might buy lot and build."

That's probably how a certain ex-private in St. Louis got tagged for his skinning. He fell for a "free-lot" swindle, a dodge as old as real estate itself.

After answering a letter which "gave" him a lot, he went with a salesman to look it over, and they had plenty of trouble finding it, because it was in the middle of a quagmire. The salesman said he was awful sorry about that. "This place is not what they told me it was at all. That's a shame. Well, I'll tell you what I'll do, just to show you I'm a good sport; I'm going to offer you $100 for this lousy property. All you have to do is let me apply that $100 to a real, first-class lot that I can get for you at specially reduced prices."

The veteran, deluded into thinking he was getting a terrific break, consented to the deal, and in addition signed an agreement to pay a balance of $750. The second lot, while appreciably better than the free one, was still not worth more than $400. The salesman and his firm, working on the ancient free-bait principle, had mulcted the veteran out of a cool $350.

Getting furniture can be equally hazardous. In this field one of the first snares to look for is the "weeping-widow" or "stuffed-flat" racket. This gag is still working the way it did 40 years ago. A seemingly chance acquaintance in a bar tells you about a young widow he knows who is being forced out of her apartment. She must sell everything. It's a great chance to pick up some good stuff cheap. You go to the apartment, look over the furniture, pay what you think is a fair price for some solid-looking stuff. Then you go home and wait for the movers.

When they deliver the furniture, you see right away that it is not the same furniture that you saw at the widow's apartment. It's fifth-rate stuff, and you've overpaid plenty for it. Unfortunately, however, you didn't get the sellers to sign an agreement describing the furniture you bought, so you're stuck. What's more, if you happened to go around to the same apartment a few weeks later, you would probably find the same "widow" weeping the same ersatz tears and caressing the same unmoved furniture for the benefit of some other calf-eyed home-maker.

The wives and families of veterans have also been taken in from time to time by swindlers. The schemes to mulct veterans' relations are usually dressed up in a fancy "patriotic" exterior suitable to the times. The "death-vulture" has become a "casualty-list watcher," the "ambulance chaser" a "purple-heart chaser."

"Casualty-list watchers" were common up to VJ-Day, and no town, however small, was proof against their infiltrations. Working singly or in packs, their racket has been to scan newspapers for the announcement of a casualty and then pounce on the bereaved family with a phony story of past friendship. The angle has been everything from the collection of a debt that the deceased is alleged to have owed the swindler to a request for a small loan. Easily the most vicious form of wartime racketeering, it has also been one of the most successful because the swindler always moves in when a family's emotional guard is down.

In Dallas a few months ago a "casualty-list watcher," tossed in the clink for fleecing the families of dead GIs throughout the Southwest, admitted that he had worked his racket for almost two years and had "cleaned up plenty." He worked it, according to his confession, like this: Using Dallas as an OP, he watched the newspapers for names of men from other towns killed in action, then got in touch by telephone with a surviving wife, or parent, and announced that he was a close friend of the husband or son. When, with understandable excitement, the family asked him to come right over, he would tell them that his car was broken down and that he had no funds. The families that wired money to him never heard from him again. The touch, he said, was good for up to $150 a casualty.

Most racketeers do not confine themselves to scanning the casualty-lists for prospective victims. Any GI name mentioned in almost any connection is enough to get them started. Many GI families continue to fall for the newspaper-item gag. That one works like this: A mother in, say, Frankfort, Ind., gets a card from a New York City newspaper-clipping service. The "New York" postmark is impressive and the come-on is effective: "Recently there appeared in a publication an interesting article about your son. We will be glad to send it to you for our regular clipping service fee of $1.25. Send coin. No stamps."

When the Frankfort mother sends in the fee and receives the "article" she is justifiably burned up because the "article" turns out to be a two-line item that appeared not in a big New York City "publication," as the card had led her to believe, but in the Frankfort *Morning Times* three months before. The item probably announced that her son had made pfc. Such clipping agencies have henchmen in all parts of the country who get a few cents for every item they send to the New York office, which, incidentally, is usually nothing more than a mailing address. The boss generally is shrewd enough to hide out in the hinterland.

You don't have to be a civilian to be gypped. Swindlers, who took $400,000,000 from returning soldiers after the last war, are already getting their hands on the money of the veterans of this war. Three hundred Negro troops stationed in the Southwest Pacific recently got some high-pressure selling from a Philadelphia real-estate firm, urging them to buy "special lots for veterans on which you can build after the war." The lots were in a New Jersey swamp that was almost as bad as the God-forsaken island the men were stationed on.

Nobody knows how many of the boys fell for that gag, because, as almost always happens in the con game, a sucker, once taken, doesn't like to admit it.

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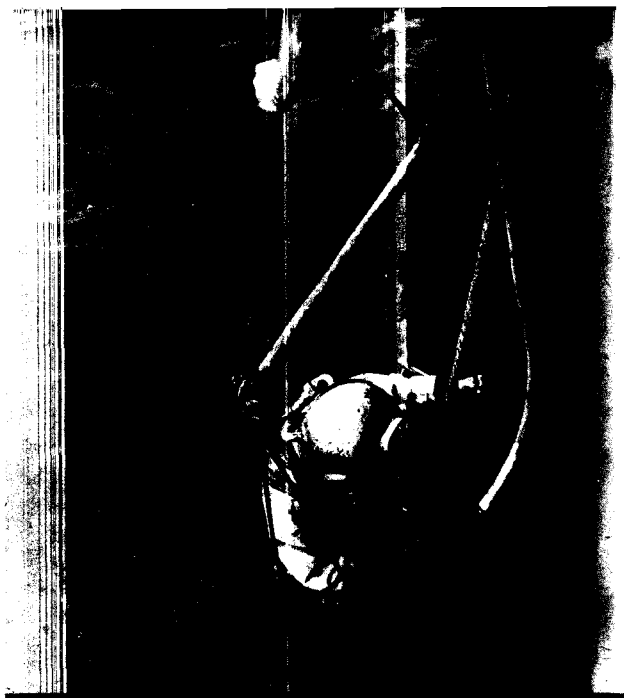
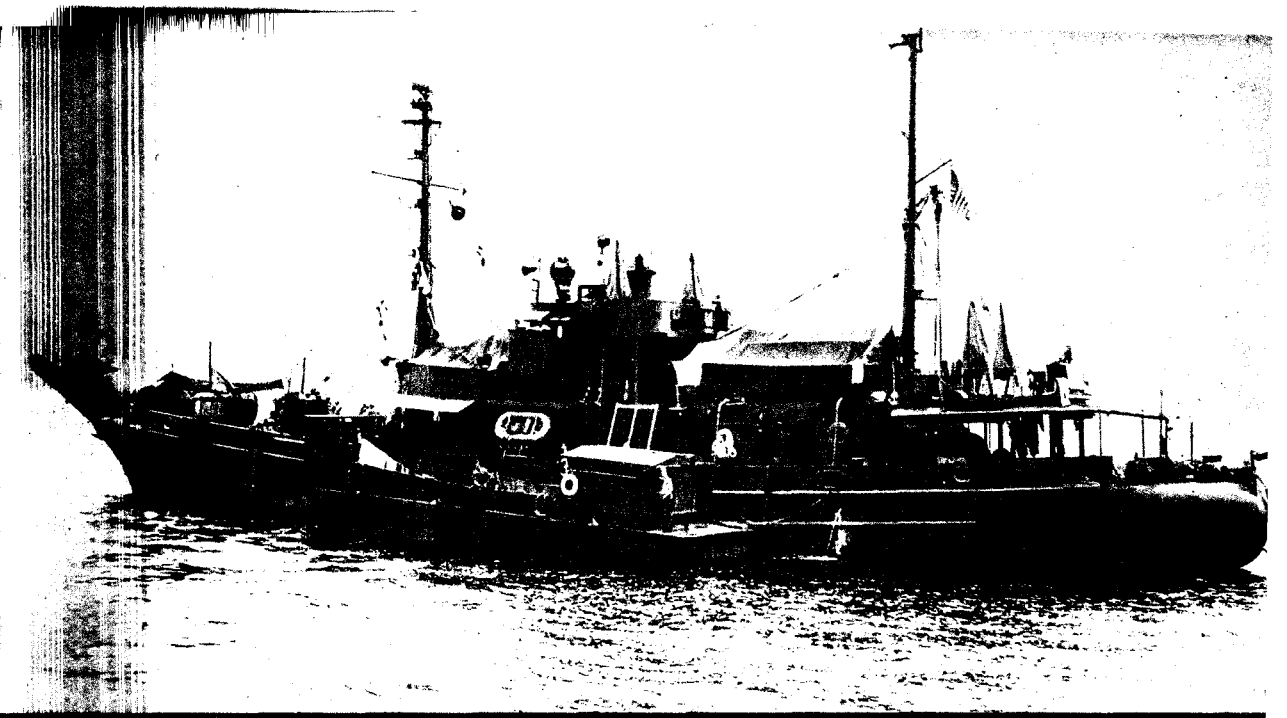


A diver goes over the side of a salvage ship.



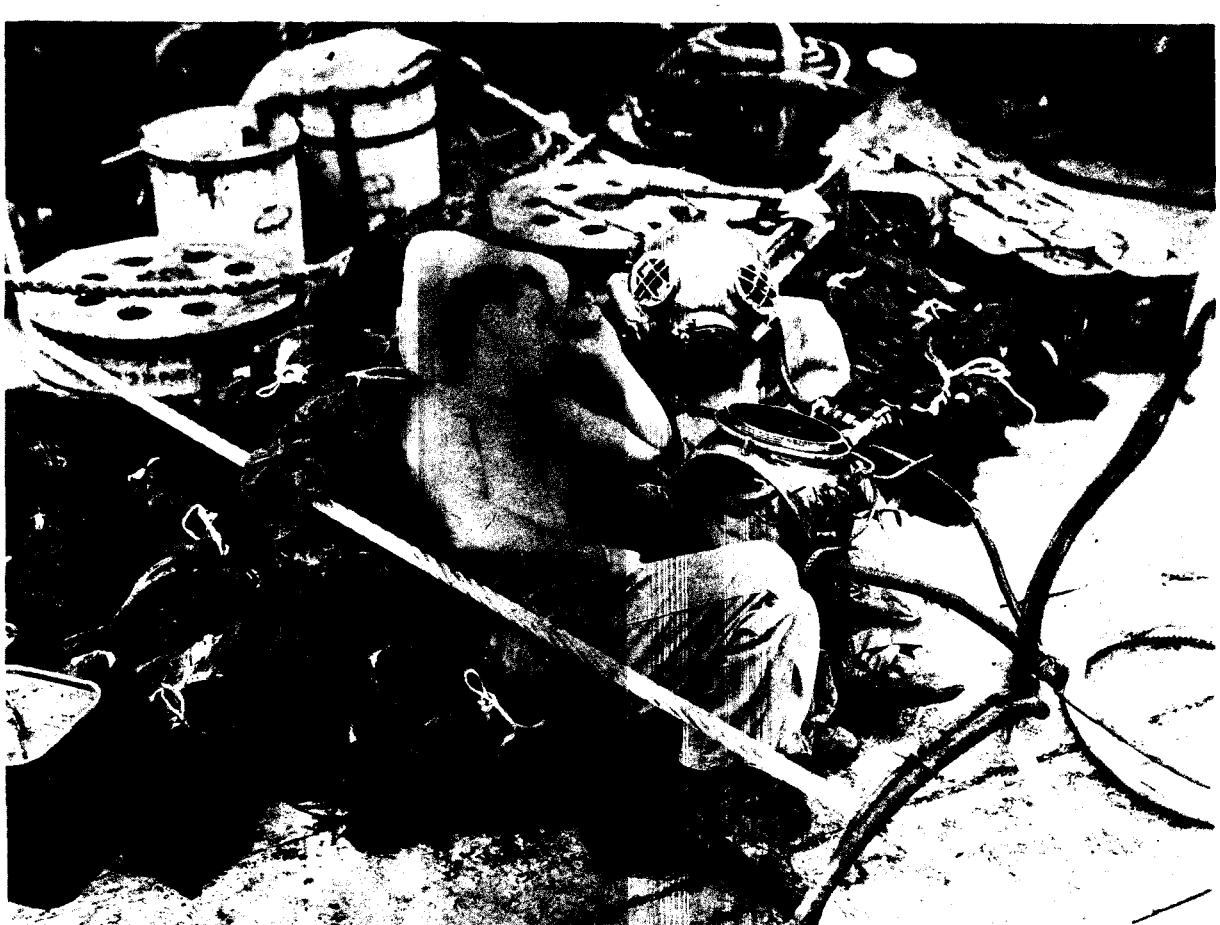
The salvage ship in Manila Bay. Its crew was recruited from Army and Navy engineer port-battalion men.

SILVER HUNT

YOU might think that diving for buried treasure would be a detail to dream about. But there are some Army and Navy divers who had it, and they know better. Their job was to recover 17 million silver pesos from the bottom of Manila Bay. In the first place, it wasn't their money; and, in the second place, it was no fun. The silver, which was all that remained in the Philippine treasury after its gold and securities had been evacuated by submarine, was dumped into the bay in 1942 when the fall of Corregidor seemed imminent. Its location was carefully recorded, but when the Army and Navy started to try to recover the money this year they were unable to find it. Then they learned that the Japs had succeeded in raising the silver during the war only to lose it when their barges sank a few hundred yards away from the original location. With the help of a Filipino who had seen the Japs, our divers tried again. This time they used special mine detectors to find the silver. Since then they have brought up over a million of the coins. The divers work at a depth of 110 feet near the mouth of the bay. The waters are treacherous, and the silver lies in loose piles on the muddy bottom. They can tell you that diving for treasure is not as glamorous as it sounds in the story books.

(The pictures on this page are by S/Sgt. Ed Wergeles, PRO, AFWESPAC.)

T-5 Edward Smith instructs divers from the salvage ship.



Virgil E. Cole CM2c has some pleasant dreams on bags of silver estimated to be worth $100,000.

Lt. (jg) Joe Jensen holds the bag for Lt. G. A. Hagerma

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By Cpl. MARVIN SLEEPER
YANK Staff Correspondent

PARIS—In a quiet, picturesque suburb of Paris, a mild-looking Frenchman stood waving his arms and yelling like hell. He wore thick, horn-rimmed glasses, a zootish brick-red sports jacket, over a turtleneck sweater, and big, balloony plus-fours. He was surrounded by a small crowd of men and women, some of whom looked bored and others frightened. The man in the knickers shouted for a few minutes, then the crowd broke up like football players from a huddle and took their places around and in front of the camera.

Monsieur Jacques Daniel Norman was directing another movie for Bervia Films of France.

From the tuck of his plus-fours to the curl of his turtleneck sweater, Monsieur Norman was the cartoonist's—and apparently the Frenchman's—conception of a Hollywood director. So were his antics. He had just been raising hell with one of his *oui*-men because the scene he was shooting had been snafued.

The story unfolding jerkily before the camera was "Monsieur Gregory Escapes," a French gangster picture. The script called for the villain in the piece to conk the hero over the head with a mallet—the mallet they actually used was of light balsa-wood—then shove the body into the tonneau of a spacious limousine and take off in a cloud of gravel.

But the limousine was missing from the location.

The prop-man was desolated. The assistant director was near tears, and the script girl rigid with fear. The only vehicle they had been able to round up was a little Opel sedan which would itself fit easily into the tonneau of the missing limousine.

Already the scene had been shot five times without a successful take. This was understandable. Bernard Blier, the hero, was a bit chunky, and the villain was having one helluva time stuffing him into the back seat of the Opel. Monsieur Blier was beginning to look like a roll of old carpet. Monsieur Norman, the director, was on the verge of rewriting the scene to have the hero kidnaped in a canal barge instead.

At that moment, a spacious limousine showed up. Sleek and black, it rolled up before the camera, its horn honking. The crowd scattered. Out stepped Monsieur Lucien Viard, the producer and head man of Bervia Films. The limousine, the essential prop for that day's shooting, belonged to him. Monsieur Viard was contrite. He had completely forgotten.

"Monsieur Gregory Escapes" is Monsieur Viard's second picture since he returned from Germany in 1942. He was in Germany "on business," he says, but it was not exactly his line of work. He spent two years hefting a pick and shovel in a Nazi forced-labor battalion. For that reason, as a repatriated prisoner he is one of the few independent movie producers in France who have been granted priorities on equipment and supplies. He is not satisfied with the films France is producing now, and says it will be a long time before the movie industry gets back on its feet.

LIKE everything else in Europe, the picture business is having rough going, because of the acute shortages in materials, film, mechanical equipment, scenery and costumes. Bervia's actors do not come to work in the custom-tailored finery that characterizes the players of Hollywood. Bernard Blier wears a tired-looking plaid sports jacket through most of the picture. Script-writers try to avoid costume changes.

A lot of French camera equipment was highjacked by the Germans after they occupied Paris. Cameras that remain—prewar models—are efficient, but there aren't very many of them.

Photographic chemicals are scarce and unreliable. Those in use now vary in quality from one batch to another. After a picture is finished, everyone sweats out the preview. There is always the chance that the lighting, although matched and even throughout the shooting, will be dull in one sequence and bright in the next, according to the quality of the chemicals used in processing.

French set designers and builders do a good job of improvising. Scenes that look lush and plush on the screen are in actuality slapped together from used and nearly threadbare materials. Bronze lamps are made of shellacked paper, and gleaming fixtures of plaster of Paris. Practically all the larger items of scenery are salvaged from prewar productions. Materials for wholly new

Claude [illegible] with a pretty extra for "Cyrano de Bergerac."

The picture business in France, which languished under German occupation, is getting a new lease on life in spite of shortages of material and personnel. French studios are once more operating, with borrowed props and improvised scenery.

Director Jacques Norman (pointing) tells an actor what he wants for the next scene.

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sets would have to be purchased on the black market.

Even the stage hands and prop boys have been hard hit. They look like GIs on dirty details. Most of them wear regulation American fatigues they somehow manage to fenagle.

As in Hollywood, movie technicians are in demand. Many of the best French technicians were killed or wounded or are in no physical condition to work after years in Nazi slave-labor camps.

Apparently this does not hold true for the actors and actresses. They seem to have pulled through the occupation in better shape physically, as a group, though not necessarily financially. Extras and bit-players must live meagerly even today if they rely wholly on their theatrical earnings. In inflation-plagued Paris, the wage they receive per day is enough to buy seven packs of American cigarettes at prevailing corner-bargain rates. The average daily wage of an extra at Bervia is 350 *francs*. The prewar scale was 60 *francs*, but the increase in living costs makes the 350 worth less than the 60.

If an extra has to wear formal clothes on the set, the pay may be upped to 500 *francs*. If he or she has a couple of lines to speak, the French cinema union says the minimum pay must be 1,500 *francs* a day.

Most French stars get paid by the picture rather than by the number of working days. A well-known player may knock off 400,000 *francs* a picture. Big stars like Jean Gabin get much more than that, but there are few who can command his pay scale.

On the set, picture-making is informal, by Hollywood standards. There are no pink-satin dressing rooms for the stars, and you don't have to show your birth certificate to interview a movie queen.

Out at Paris' Paramount Studios (no relation to the Hollywood outfit), Monsieur Fernand Winters was producing and directing a screen version of the classic French comedy, "Cyrano de Bergerac." This is the famous 17th-century costume piece about a homely old romantic duffer with a king-sized schnozz who is in love with a beautiful young filly who is in love with a beautiful young guy.

Monsieur Winters greeted visitors to the set by shaking hands jovially, then shouting, "Quiet!" Claude Dauphin, who plays Cyrano, is a French Army captain on leave. His left hand was bandaged. In a dueling scene the day before, a bit-player had run him through the hand with a sword.

"For five years I am in the war," Dauphin said proudly. "This is my first wound. It is a piece of luck. The stoodyo and newspapoors, they go wild. Tareefeek publicitee."

FRENCH film profits have always suffered because of American movies. French moviegoers almost unanimously prefer American films, even though they are shown mostly in the original English version with French subtitles. American pictures 10 and 15 years old are showing every night at Paris neighborhood theaters, but by the time they hit these circuits the voices of French actors have usually been dubbed in. This process requires elaborate research to find French words which retain the sense of the characters' speeches and require lip movements as close as possible to the English words. It is a little disconcerting to see Lionel Barrymore or Gary Cooper or Mickey Rooney spieling away in French.

Such French-dubbed-in American films are drawing heavily now, because during the German occupation American pictures were *verboten*. Just before the Germans came, the French had heard a lot of press-agent ballyhoo about glamour queens like Veronica Lake and Rita Hayworth. They had read all the advance stuff on "Citizen Kane" and "Gone With the Wind." They had to wait until 1945 to see them. "Gone With the Wind," for instance, showed for the first time in Paris in July 1945, at the world-famous *Academie Nationale de Musique*—the Opera. Seats had to be reserved weeks in advance.

When the Germans moved into Paris, they tried to take over the movie industry whole hog. Some top-flight French film-makers, like Pathe, were one step ahead of them. Pathe claims it did not lose a foot of film. The company managed to smuggle big cans of film to a hideaway 20 miles out of Paris—in vaults 300 feet underground.

One-third of all movies shown in France during the occupation were made in Germany. French exhibitors were told to show the German films or shut down.

THE Germans wanted to make use of the French movie studios for their own propaganda purposes. It didn't work. The French refused to turn out to see German-made films. The movie houses were empty. Finally the Germans limited their movie output to one studio, operating under the firm name of Continental Films. The Nazis issued an edict saying that every actor, actress and technician in France must do some work for Continental, or not work at all.

This lured some players and technicians into working for Continental on a piecemeal basis as a means of holding the French movie industry together, according to Jacques Chabrier, Pathe's general secretary. Danielle Darrieux, the French Betty Grable, made one propaganda picture for Continental, Chabrier said. She made one other non-propaganda film for Continental, then quit pictures until Paris was freed.

Under the Germans, each French studio that could get its hands on materials was licensed to produce no more than five pictures a year. Each studio had a Nazi overseer who made sure that no anti-German sentiments seeped into the dialogue or action. The Germans required that one print of every picture be turned over to Nazi authorities for shipment to Berlin, ostensibly as a record of what was being produced in France. However, as the Germans were pushed back from conquered territories, the French discovered that Rumanian, Hungarian, Dutch and German dialogue had been dubbed into these films, and that they were being exhibited for German profit.

Today 12 films are the maximum that any one company can produce a year. Big-name stars are drifting back from Hollywood, or wherever else they holed up during the war. French producers are not anxious to use French players except for the biggest box-office drawing cards, like Jean Gabin, once they have been exposed to the plush and tinsel of Hollywood. Producers say that Hollywood pampers the stars unnecessarily, and when they return to France to make a picture they demand the impossible in salary from the people who gave them a start.

It is not strictly true to say that no Hollywood product played in Paris during the Nazi occupation. As a matter of fact, there was an "underground" movie house operating right under the nose of *Der Kommandant von Gross Paris* at 93 Champs Elysees, in the shadow of the Arch of Triumph. It was a tiny, 100-seat house, and Frenchmen were shelling out the equivalent of $80, American money, to get in. There is some question as to who was the actual brain behind the underground movie. Some French film moguls believe that the theater was operated by the FFI to raise funds for the resistance movement. A more cynical view has it that it was corrupt German underlings themselves, who knew a crooked *franc* when they saw one and were in the business of being Nazis primarily for what they could get out of it.

In any case, the underground movie house was a terrific financial success, and the picture it showed never changed. It was "The Great Dictator," with Charlie Chaplin starred as Hitler.

FRENCH PICTURES

Ellen Bernsen, 18, has her first role, as Roxanne, in "Cyrano de Bergerac."

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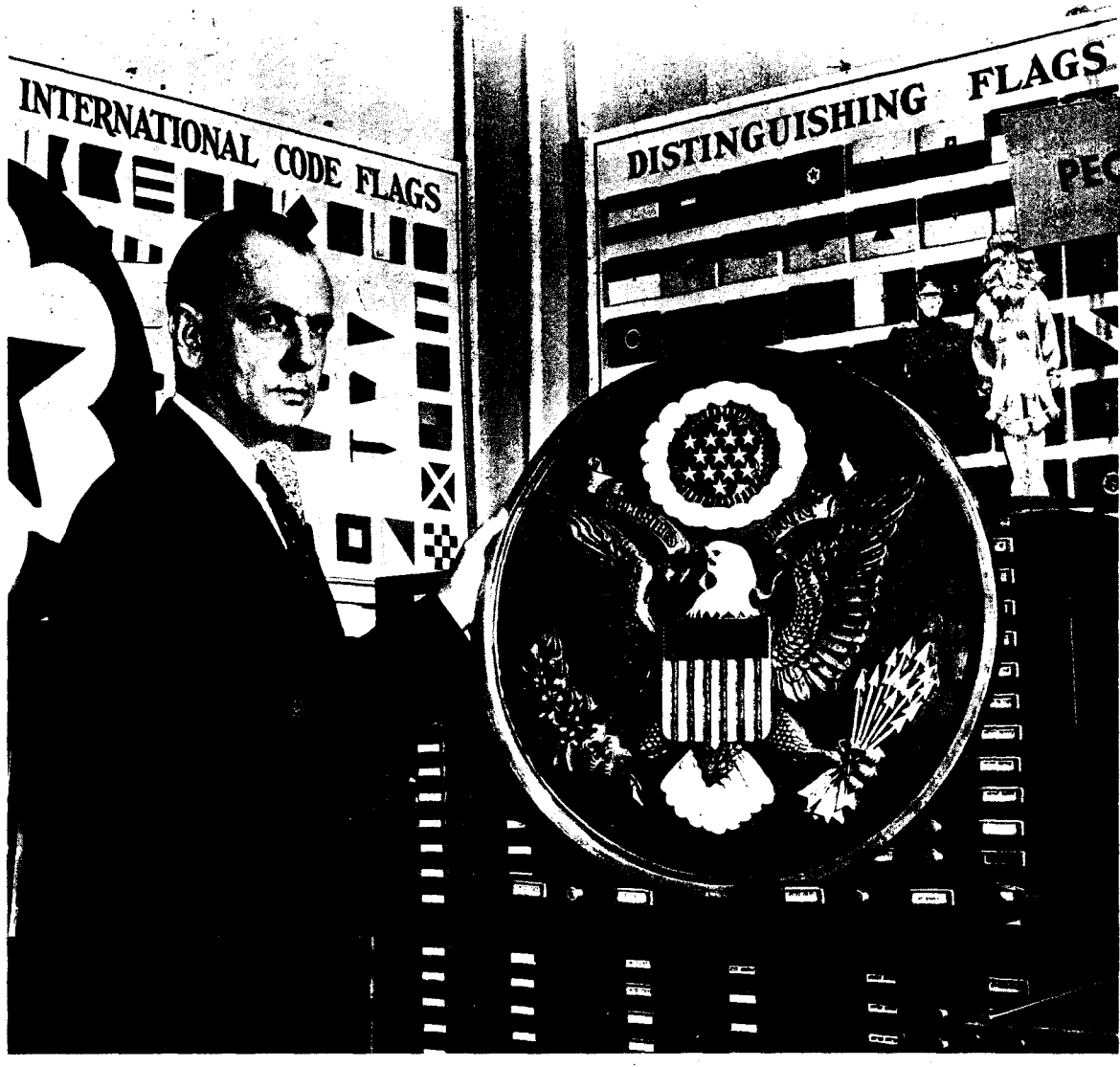

PEOPLE ON THE HOME FRONT

Arthur E. DuBois

By Sgt. BARRETT McGURN
YANK Staff Writer

WASHINGTON—The man in the gray suit with the purple pencil-stripes looked up from his desk and eyed my campaign ribbon with apparent distaste.

"Excuse me," he said, "but do you know that you have your theater ribbon on upside down?"

I said I didn't know you *could* wear a Pacific-Asiatic ribbon upside down. I said I didn't know it was designed to have a right side up. The man at the War Department desk sighed heavily and pointed out that the ribbon has three narrow stripes of red, white and blue.

"The blue is supposed to be on the right," he said. "You have it on the left."

The blue stripe, he added, must also be worn on the right on American Defense and European Theater ribbons. And the reason all three of the ribbons include red, white and blue stripes, he went on without pausing for breath, is to show that the presence of U. S. troops overseas was merely a continuation of their pre-Pearl Harbor service. In addition to red, white and blue, the pre-Pearl Harbor ribbon has a field of gold. And the reason for *that*, he concluded triumphantly, is to show that prewar duty in the armed forces was a "golden opportunity for the youth of America to serve the national colors."

The man with all the information about theater ribbons was Arthur E. DuBois, whose official title is Chief of the Heraldic Section in the Quartermaster Corps. The WD has all sorts of experts in odd and unlikely fields, but none would seem to have a more specialized line than DuBois.

He is reputed to know practically all there is to know about campaign ribbons and shoulder patches. You might think that a thorough knowledge of ribbons could be acquired in a few hours, but, according to DuBois, you'd be wrong. He says he has been a student of these matters since the last war and he still doesn't know all there is to know. But it irritates him, he says, to find that most people seem to know even less than he does. Take me and my upside-down ribbon.

To change this embarrassing subject, I told him I'd been sent over to ask a few questions about shoulder patches.

"They are not shoulder patches," DuBois retorted. "They are shoulder-sleeve insignia. A patch is a piece of cloth to cover up a hole. We put insignia on brand-new uniforms."

He emphasized that you won't find the word "patches" anywhere in the ARs. DuBois makes it clear that he thinks a great deal of the ARs, although he is currently a bit put out because the people in charge of them have so far refused to change the word "dismounted" to "unmounted" in cases where it is used in reference to the Infantry. "Dismounted" seems to be too deeply imbedded in the ARs ever to be removed, but the word makes DuBois mad practically every time he thinks about it in connection with doughs. How, he asks, can you dismount from a steed you never mounted in the first place?

AGREEING cordially with this display of logic, I tried to steer the conversation, if that's the right word for it, back to shoulder patches. "I'll always call them 'insignias,'" I promised.

"Insignia—not insignias," DuBois said tartly. "The word is used for both singular and plural. That's the way we have it in the ARs. I don't care what the dictionary says."

It turns out, though, that he does care. He has several times written the dictionary people to break themselves of their nasty habit of giving the singular as "insigne." My advice to the dictionary crowd is to give the hell in.

DuBois' expression softened a little after he had finished telling me about the insubordinate ways of dictionaries. "What do you call that thing you have on?" he asked.

I hemmed and hawed, knowing I'd be wrong.

"Do you call it a blouse? Well, it's not a blouse. It's a coat! A service coat!"

It seems that a blouse was a "standing-collar garment" of the kind worn by 1918 doughs and that it went out of Army style in 1924. I said I'd been calling a coat a blouse ever since the GIs at the induction center had told me to call it that many long years ago. DuBois indicated that he didn't have much of an opinion of induction-center GIs.

DUBOIS should not be mistaken for one who has a low opinion only of GIs. A colonel from Fort George G. Meade called twice while I was in the office, and DuBois wouldn't speak to him either time. "Tell him I've got to finish this interview," DuBois told his secretary. "Just one thing at a time." There is a story around the Pentagon that DuBois even turned down a Secretary of War once on the ground that he was not at liberty to divulge the military information the Secretary wanted.

DuBois has been collecting information about insignia, ribbons and such for the Quartermaster Corps for the past quarter of a century, and it's estimated that it will take him at least a year and a half to write down all the facts he has stored away in his head and hasn't bothered to file anywhere else.

At the moment he has a one-man campaign under way to get people to distinguish among medals, decorations, badges and insignia. "Some soldiers talk about the 'Purple Heart Medal,'" he commented hotly. "Well, it's not a medal. Invariably, they get the medal and the decoration mixed up. A decoration is an award beyond the call of duty. A medal is for a campaign or service. A badge is for a qualification. An insignia is an identification. They'll invariably call all of them insignia or medals. They ignore the fine distinction."

Fine distinctions in these things are DuBois' meat. One of his jobs is to collect facts about symbols that may later be used on new sleeve insignia. Some symbols seem to be practically timeless and common to nearly all countries. The acorn, for example, has been the symbol of strength or growth since time out of mind.

In his quest for symbols, DuBois spends many hours reading ancient books on heraldry. He is an authority on the knighthood business and can tell you all about torteaus, hurts, pellets, golpes, bezants, dexter bases, sinister chiefs and crosses couped and voided. He often puts this curious lore to contemporary use when an outfit writes in and says it wants a new patch designed.

"But don't call them patches," DuBois warned. "It gripes me."

At the end of our talk, DuBois conceded quite pleasantly that I am not the only one who wears his theater ribbon upside down.

"I don't know what's causing them to be upside down," he said in a puzzled tone. "In individual cases, when soldiers come into my office, I call their attention to their mistake so they can correct it."

On the street, however, DuBois does not interfere with returned overseas men wearing their ribbons upside down.

"If I stuck my neck out," he explained, "I'd be apt to get a punch in the nose some time."

Despite his knowledge of decorations, ribbons and medals, DuBois has none of these himself. He was 18 at the end of the first World War and was 41 at the start of the second and has always been a civilian. The only insignia he personally displays is a service flag outside his office door. It has a "10" on it, symbolizing the number of War Department civilian employes who have left DuBois' section for a more intimate part in the military trade. God help them if they come back talking about the shoulder patches they wore as GIs.

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Dr. Zipper

He tasted concentration camps, both Jap and German style, and now he's free for his music.

By Cpl. HYMAN GOLDBERG
YANK Staff Correspondent

MANILA—Dr. Herbert Zipper, the prewar leader of the Manila Symphony, who dropped his underground work against the Japs and began reorganizing his orchestra within a month after the American forces landed on the island of Luzon, is one of the few men who have had first-hand experience with both German and Japanese brands of fascism. He learned about both systems the hard way, in German concentration camps and in an internment camp run by the Japs in Manila.

Dr. Zipper—he disclaims all credit for the invention of the device that closes officers' pants and ladies' girdles—began his anti-fascist life back in 1933, in Vienna. That was when Adolf Hitler came into power just across the way in Germany. Zipper was one of a group of musicians, artists, writers and assorted intellectuals who saw the danger in Hitler's hysterical appeals to prejudice and hatred and who did what they could to fight him.

One of Hitler's most efficiently organized lists was in his Sonovabitch Division, and one of the names on the sonovabitch list was Dr. Herbert Zipper's. *Der Fuehrer* was a sensitive soul who couldn't stand anybody making fun of him, and Zipper had been taking him for a ride for a number of years by the time the Nazis moved into Austria and took over in 1938. Zipper had known for some time, of course, that Austria was doomed and that he was a dead duck if the Nazis got hold of him. For weeks before the Nazis moved into Vienna he hid out, sleeping in different places every night.

They got him, though, on the one night when it was imperative, for various reasons, for Zipper to be home. He was nabbed by a Viennese cop whom Zipper had known for 20 years.

He was held in concentration camps for a year.

"I am very proud," he said, "of the history of my arrests by the fascists, German and Japanese. I have never thought of myself as a very important person politically, but the Nazis and the Japs evidently both thought I was. In Vienna, I was arrested among the first. With me were five cabinet members, the mayor of Vienna, and some of the most important artists of the city. When the Japs arrested me in Manila I was again in the best company."

In Germany he was held in the notorious concentration camp at Dachau for six months and was then evacuated to the equally notorious slaughter-house of the Nazis at Buchenwald, where he spent another six months.

"The reason they moved me and others from Dachau," said Dr. Zipper, "was because the Nazis were planning to move into new territories and they had to make room for new victims. When I was finally released from the concentration camp at Buchenwald it was for the same reason. The Nazis were going to take Czechoslovakia, and they were planning to throw thousands of Czechs into Buchenwald."

WHATEVER the reason for his release, Zipper was brought back to Vienna and forced to sign papers saying that he had not been mistreated, that he had not seen anyone mistreated and that he would not talk about his mistreatment and the mistreatment of others he had witnessed.

"I did not point out to the Nazis the contradictory statements they put before me," said Dr. Zipper.

He was given a few days to settle his affairs and was then permitted to leave Austria. He had been forced to give up all his property and personal belongings. He arrived in Paris with 10 *Reichsmarks*.

"That was in 1939," said Zipper. "It was before the American soldiers overran the concentration camps and the newsreel pictures of the dead and dying were taken and before the publishers and Congressmen came and saw those scenes with their own eyes. When I told what I had seen in the Nazi camps and what had been done to me some people thought that I was an hysteric."

While he was in Paris, Dr. Zipper received a cable from Manila informing him of the death of Dr. Alexander Lippay, a Viennese friend who had been conductor of the Manila Symphony for a number of years. The cable offered him the post of conductor. He accepted the offer for two reasons. Probably the most important of the two was the presence in Manila of Miss Trudl Dubsky, Zipper's fiancee who had gone to Manila in 1937 to teach ballet dancing at the University of the Philippines. The other was the promise of security and peace. There were loud rumblings of war in the Far East at that time, but not everyone had the ears to hear them.

Dr. Zipper arrived in Manila in June, 1939 and took over the Manila Symphony. He married Miss Dubsky, who continued her ballet career and who acted as choreographer for the Manila Ballet Moderne.

"We had a fine life," said Dr. Zipper. "Manila was a highly civilized place and there were many intelligent people here. We had our apartment in a fine new house in South Manila. Can you imagine, a house with an elevator that ran, with electricity that could be turned on and off, with running water? Hot and cold water! And a weekend house in Tagaytay, where it was always cool. We were not wealthy, but it was a good life."

DESPITE the good life, Dr. Zipper did not grow fat and complacent. He could see the signs and hear the rumblings.

"When I first arrived here," he said, "I got a letter from the German Consulate, ordering me to report there and to register as a German national. I sent him an answer saying that he had apparently been misinformed about my nationality. I said I was an Austrian, not a German."

Zipper was asked to speak before such Manila organizations as the Rotary Club. He told them about fascism in Europe and the similarities it had to the brand of fascism in the Far East.

"The last concert of the Manila Symphony was on December 5th," he said. "On the 22d, High Commissioner Sayre gave a farewell dinner, and on the following day we packed up our instruments and our musical library and hid them in a secret vault in the distillery of the husband of Senora Trinidad F. Legarda, the president of the Manila Symphony Society."

A week later, the Japs were in Manila, which had been declared an open city. It was not long before the Japs came for Dr. Zipper. They had apparently been keeping a sonovabitch list too.

"Seventeen of them came to my house, with a little major in charge," said Zipper. "They were not polite. They told me that I would die that day. But at the same time they told my wife that I was merely being held in 'protective custody,' although they didn't say against whom they were protecting me. And just like with the Germans, I was again arrested among the first, and with some of the most important people in Manila. It was flattering.

"The place where they held me prisoner was the Conservatory of Music, which I thought was a nice touch."

Zipper was held there for nine weeks, undergoing constant questioning.

"And such questions!" he said. "They asked me such things as, 'Is President Roosevelt a Communist? Where is Gen. MacArthur? What is your relationship with Stalin? Why didn't Germany capture Moscow?' They were very angry about Germany not capturing Moscow and for some reason I couldn't understand, they seemed to think that was my fault. This was very flattering too, but also a little embarrassing."

The Japs finally released Zipper after deciding that it wasn't his fault that Germany got turned back from Moscow, and that he really didn't know General MacArthur's whereabouts. Then they tried to get him to reorganize the Symphony, but he told them that the musicians had disappeared and that the instruments and music could not be found. The Japs could understand that because most of the stuff in Manila that had disappeared had vanished under their auspices.

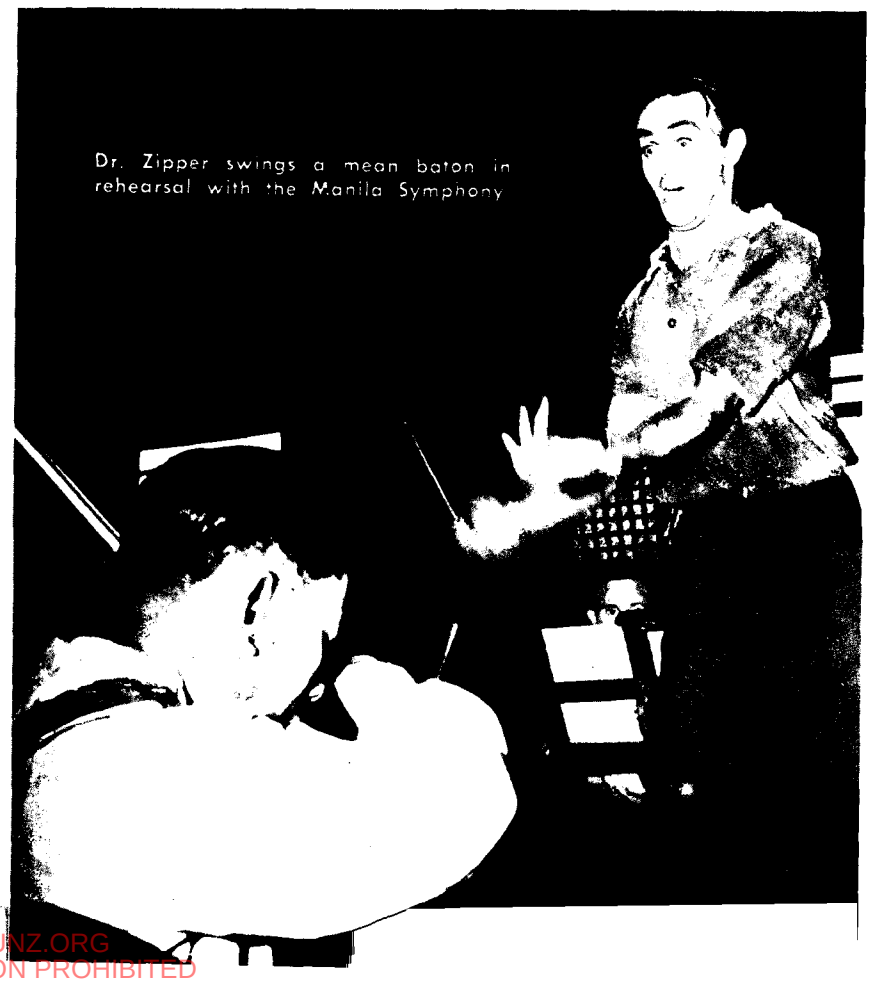
Meanwhile, Dr. Zipper was working with the underground resistance movement, gathering information and collating it and forwarding it to the military resistance movement. And during the Jap occupation he and his wife continued to teach music and the ballet. Toward the end of the occupation, the students paid for their lessons with food.

"On February 3d," said Zipper, "Legarda, the distiller whose wife is the president of the Symphony Society, called me up the telephone. The Legardas lived near Santo Tomas, the big Jap internment camp. Legarda screamed into the telephone, 'Hey Herbert, we are liberated! The Americans are here!' "

"I hung up on him," said Zipper. "Right outside our house there were three Jap machine-guns."

Manila was liberated 16 days later, and a week afterwards Dr. Zipper began the reorganization of the Manila Symphony. One of the newspapers printed a story about the reorganization and the musicians began coming in. A number of them were in the uniform of the Philippine Army and others were guerrillas. Fourteen members of the orchestra had been killed. Rehearsals began with the empty chairs filled by children as young as 13, and elderly gentlemen of 60. Several American soldiers showed up and were accepted as members of the orchestra.

The U. S. Army is giving its support to the Manila Symphony. The Special Services Division has brought out a series of concerts and is allowing soldiers in without charge. At one of the civilian concerts given recently, about 200 GI music lovers showed up and found that it was not a GI free show and that all the seats had been sold out. Dr. Zipper heard about it and found one soldier who had walked and hitchhiked 70 miles to hear Beethoven's "Violin Concerto." He was Dr. Zipper's guest at that evening's concert.



Dr. Zipper swings a mean baton in rehearsal with the Manila Symphony

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Korea was a pleasant surprise to GIs used to nipa huts and bombed towns; its capital is modern and the people sing "Auld Lang Syne."

By Cpl. RALPH IZARD
YANK Staff Correspondent

Two of the GIs occupying Korea inspect the magazine of a Jap soldier's rifle to see if it is loaded.

Welcome

SEOUL, KOREA—As the GIs scheduled for the occupation of Korea rolled along the pocked macadam highway to the capital city of Seoul soon after disembarking, they met elements of the seven divisions the Japs had garrisoned in Korea "to maintain order." The Jap GIs were very sad sacks, hauling at the ropes of gun carriages, or clumping along with their rifles on their shoulders and their eyes on the ground.

Other Japanese—civilians—rode gondola cars along the modern, wide-gauge railroad to Chin-son. They passed the Yank veterans of the 7th Division, who were going the other way to occupy the city the Japs had left. The Jap goal was embarkation for a trip to a homeland many of them had never seen.

The Japs passed by the Americans in silence, but the greetings of the native Koreans were something else again. As jeeps, trucks, recon cars and railroad coaches sped the GIs north to Seoul, Koreans along the way cheered them on with shouts, grins, lifted arms, bows and cries of "Hubbah, hubbah!"

The "hubbah, hubbah" importation, popularized by some member of an advance party which had preceded the main body of troops, was varied with long-drawn cries of "Hello-o-oh!" Both greetings were to remain popular until just after the official Jap surrender. Then, perhaps because more GIs had been around to spread the language, "Okay!" became the cry which greeted men of the 184th Infantry Regiment as they issued from the grounds of the Governor's Palace to swing down the main drag of Seoul.

This Governor's Palace, which was to be the site of the surrender signing, turned out to be a limestone-and-marble building which put most of the state capitals of the U. S. in the shade. It is three stories high and a good city-block long. Within it, on the day of the surrender, offices were vacant and disordered, with dirty teacups still standing on the desks where fleeing Jap petty officials had left them.

When the Americans arrived for the surrender ceremony, the only Japanese left in the building were Nobuyuki Abe, Imperial Governor General (very recently retired), Lt. Gen. Yoshio Sozuki, C-I-C of the Jap 17th Army Group and of Korea, and Adm. Gisaburo Yamaguchi, Sozuki's naval opposite number. They crossed the room to the surrender table under the eyes of 11 American generals and sat down at the broad table where documents were to be signed.

Someone called, "'Ten-SHUN!" Adm. Thomas C. Kinkaid and Lt. Gen. John R. Hodge strode into the great room, formerly used only for audiences with members of the Japanese royal family, and sat down facing the Jap brass. Gen. Hodge briskly introduced Adm. Kinkaid and himself, read the terms of surrender, stated that strict compliance with the terms would be exacted, told the Japs to sign and then announced that the meeting had ended.

Outside the palace, a brief retreat ceremony was held around the flag pole. The 184th formed a hollow square of fatigue-clad men, and the 7th Division band played "Americans We." The Jap flag was hauled down, displayed briefly for the inevitable photographers and replaced by the U. S. flag as the band played the U. S. national anthem. English-speaking Koreans turned to Americans standing near them to shake their hands and bow.

"We thank you, we thank you," one Korean said, his voice taut with emotion. "Soon—soon the *Tai Keug Ki*, our Korean flag, will fly there."

The American troops marched out the gates of the palace. "The Bringers of Justice" whom the Koreans had welcomed to their ancient Land of the Three Kingdoms had begun their occupation duty.

"And I'm beginning to think it's not a bad deal," T-4 Walt Russinko of the 184th Recon Troop said. "There's a big dance on down here every night, I hear, at a place called International Civilization. So I'm studying up on my Korean. . . .

"*Kachi kai bishita*. How's that? Means, Let's get together."

The welcome the GIs got continued to live up to their best expectations. It had begun, in fact, even before the American convoy docked. The first spontaneous celebration at Chin-son ended only when the Japs killed three patriots, breaking up the liberation rally with rifle fire.

"Communist riot," the Japs hastily explained to the Americans when they landed.

The Koreans had plenty to cheer about. A Korean doctor is authority for the statement that five to six Koreans were killed daily from the acceptance of the Potsdam ultimatum by the Emperor of Japan to the Seoul surrender, 25 days later. A "Welcome to the U. S. Army" handbill, distributed by the Chemulpo Korean Labor Union, proved that even this had not been unexpected. Paragraph D of the "Welcome" read:

"We shall be checked by Japanese soldiers and policemen to shake hands with you, the heros who help the independence of the Korean people. We will welcome you whatever there may be so much blood."

THE cheers on the road to Seoul and in the capital after the surrender were a new experience to the men in the battle-stained fatigues, many of whom had begun their own active part in the war in the Pacific at Kiska and Attu. They had fought at Eniwetok Atoll, on Kwajalein, Leyte and Okinawa, and now they were beginning the occupation of Korea in soft autumn weather that reminded them of September back home in California or Iowa or Pennsylvania.

They shook the hands offered them and watched as the people of Korea bowed three times in the manner decreed as etiquette by some long-forgotten Emily Post of the Orient. The constant wide grins, the smiling faces, the unmistakable gratitude voiced by those Koreans who can speak a little English have had an effect on the Yanks.

"It gets to you after a while," Pfc. Early Bailey of Watsonville, Calif., said. "We went through a lot, but I can't think of a better way to wind it up. These people—well, what can I say? It's a wonderful feeling."

Another aspect of Korean gratitude, which puzzled GIs at first, was the melody sung by people along the roadsides. It was a tune tantalizingly familiar, yet somehow strange. One of the men finally recognized the tune, after learning that it was the Korean national anthem. It was—at least approximately—the Scottish melody, "Auld Lang Syne."

Seoul was the first city untouched by war that the Seventh had seen during its Pacific campaigns. To many GIs who had expected to find a larger version of Tacloban, the modern brick, concrete and stone city came as a shock. The city contains over a million people. Its buildings are modern in design; many of them would almost qualify as skyscrapers in America. The streets are in poor repair now, but most of the Seoulese ride the electric cars or the charcoal-gas buses.

Some of the most impressive buildings which momentarily awed the GIs were erected by the Japanese. There are a number of movie houses as modern as anything Stateside. Inside the movie houses, however, any attempt at modern, functional architecture has been abandoned, and most of them are finished off in flimsy beaverboard. Other buildings have the same impressive exteriors, but inside they, too, are shabby and flimsy, with inconvenient corridors and blind doors.

In the entertainment department the first occupation troops managed to do pretty well. It was tough, at least in the beginning, to get passes in Seoul, but some outfits found a way of getting around the ban. Certain COs took their platoons out on hikes and marched them innocently into the city, up and down the streets, thus letting them see all the sights without violating regulations. The only trouble with this arrangement was the inability of GIs to gather souvenirs.

"Seems like the brass gets all the souvenirs," one EM sightseer complained. "I want a kimono for my girl and one of them black tables for Mom, but I got to wait. They tell me I'm inflationary."

Before long, the rigor of the early regulations abated somewhat, and a lucky few of the many GIs who wanted to participate in a social whirl

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Crowd of cheering Koreans greets Infantrymen of the 7th Division marching into the capital city of Seoul.

to Korea

could do pretty much to their hearts' content.

There were parties each night in Seoul and in other parts of liberated Korea, and there were quite a few get-togethers with the Russians who occupy the northern zone.

While the Korean parties of welcome were elaborate affairs, complete with *kee-sang* girls, "beer-oh" and warmed *sake*, the Russian clambakes tended to a boisterous spontaneity which was even harder on American participants. As might be expected, *vodka* flowed in considerable quantity.

One impromptu Russian celebration was staged in honor of a small party of U. S. correspondents, GIs and officers by a Red Army Cavalry detachment. At this shindig, *gin-seng* wine was substituted for *vodka* with no noticeable depreciation in the merriment.

THE American group had taken off from Song-do, which means Pine Tree Capital in Korean, for the 38th-degree dividing line with the Russian zone; their express purpose was to establish liaison.

The road north to Song-do (Keijo on the Japanese maps) had been decorated at intervals with pine-bough arches, topped by Russian and American flags flanking the Korean national emblem. In all the towns along the way, correspondents and troops were greeted with the same up-flung arms, bows and long, drawn-out cries of "Hell-o-oh" that had been the unfailing welcome of the Korean people ever since they landed. The streets of Song-do itself were lined with the city elders, plain citizens and little girls. The girls, with their black hair uniformly Dutch-bobbed, seemed to have been exactly selected for size, different heights to successive blocks.

The "Ekuk Boy Scout" were on hand with a wide banner which proclaimed their "Wel Come" to the Americans. One shy and frightened little girl with Dutch-bobbed black hair was scolded by her mother until she finally presented a bouquet as big as herself to the Americans.

About 25 miles beyond Song-do the Americans found the first Russian outpost. Here the tire of one jeep went flat. Almost immediately, 30 Russians materialized out of the hillside, lifted the vehicle in their hands while others changed tires, then dropped it again, as good as new.

A young, blond, ramrod-straight Russian officer waved his hand and shouted something that sounded like "Come-ski!" and the Americans joined a long line of Russian soldiers mounted and afoot. All of them looked hard and tough, and their uniforms were stained and dirty from the sweep that had carried them across Manchuria and down into Korea.

Crossing the river into the Russian camp, the Americans met the youngest Russian *tankiste*, Sasha, an 11-year-old veteran of the campaign who had come down with the Red Army from his home in Siberia.

Upon presentation to the major commanding the Russian unit, the New York *Times* man was immediately selected by him as the "*tovarisch may-yor*" of the American group. Similarly, and because he wore a Navy-accredited correspondent's oak leaf with superimposed "C," the Associated Press representative was greeted as "*Tovarisch Amerikanski Kommissar.*" The conversational uproar grew louder as the two groups sought to make themselves understood to each other in different languages, but this was solved by another "Come-ski," and the Americans followed the Russians into a typical Korean house.

Chairs were brought in, as the Russians showed by hand gestures that they scorned the floor-sitting that is the Korean custom. Bottles of *gin-seng* wine were accumulated on the table to the accompaniment of voluble talk in Russian—probably apologies for not producing *vodka*. Bowls of beef, chopped and hot from the oven, were laid out. The mess sergeant strolled into the room to look over his handiwork.

Standing beside the Russian "may-yor," the big mess sergeant gently patted him on the head. Instead of preferring charges under AW 96 for such familiarity, the "may-yor" turned and patted his mess sergeant on the head in turn. Then with loud cries of joy, both embraced. The party was on.

Then the toasts began. "Tru-mahn, Sta-leen—hoo-rah!" and "Amerikanski, Russki, hoo-rah!" These were repeated again and again, to be accompanied each time by a full cup of *gin-seng* wine, a bone-crushing handclasp and, as the evening wore on, bear-hug embraces.

A little later one of the Americans, attempting to dance a *kazatska*, fell over backward through one of the flimsy interior walls. With exquisite courtesy, a Russian immediately put him at his ease by walking through another wall. From that time on, anyone who wished to leave the room walked straight through a partition.

By this time the room was clamorous with conversation no one understood, music from an accordion (no Russian party is complete without one), singing by both groups and the sound of stamping feet as Russia's champion weight-lifter from Magnitogorsk danced for nearly two hours without stopping. Sometimes he had an American competitor in the AP commissar, who danced all the Irish jigs he'd ever seen and a few he made up.

The warmth of the meeting increased with the noise, until it ended on the order of the Russian Commissar Pyotr Famish. With the American *tovarischii* bedded down on mattresses on the floor, Commissar Famish bade them good-night by kissing his AP colleague full upon the lips.

BACK in Seoul, parties long continued to be the order of the night. Each of the Korean political organizations budding in the capital vies to present the best entertainment. Apologies are always made that chopsticks must be used, since the Japanese carted off all the silverware, but about three parties are all the training that is needed to learn their manipulation. A typical dinner runs like this:

The speeches come first, and thus escape the soporific quality of American dinner speaking. Then the dinner, on tables about 12 inches high; the guests are seated on mats about them. The first course is usually served about 5 P.M., along with the first drinks of "beer-oh" and warmed rice wine. From then on there are long intervals between servings, which continue as long as the party lasts—fruit, salad, meats prepared in various ways, fish and vegetables.

Meanwhile, on a raised stage, the *kee-sang* present the classical dances of Korea—the Love Dance, the Buddhist Dance and the Assassination Dance are those usually performed. They are full of slow, strange, graceful gestures done to heavily accented drum beats and music in the strange five-tone scale used in Korea as in China.

Many of the *kee-sang*—they are the original models of the Jap *geisha* girls—are married women. All of them have a definite and privileged professional standing in Korea as entertainers trained in the ancient songs and dances. The Americans have found them utterly charming as dinner companions, with their accented femininity and always-graceful gestures and movements. Some few have labored under the wrong impression as to a *kee-sang's* function and station, but this is always corrected by the entertainer herself. Without ostentation or even a scornful glance, the *kee-sang* will simply move gracefully away from any American bursting with youth and ideas.

Between their stage appearances, the *kee-sang* mingle freely with the guests, sometimes even feeding them when the Americans simulate chopstick incompetence. Invariably their first words on sinking gracefully to a kneeling position on the mat beside a guest are:

"I love you-oo."

This is not so romantic as it sounds, since it has much the same depth of feeling as "darling" when used by the Hollywood-Broadway set.

The Americans have found the *kee-sang* as adept at dancing, American-style, even to modified jitterbugging, as the most popular girl fresh out of bobby socks. The *kee-sang* are very fond of rhumbas and any other music with a heavily-accented beat, such as boogie-woogie.

The capstone of social success was put on a party given by one Korean committee by the appearance of two Domei newsmen unaccountably left behind in the general Japanese exodus that has been going on since the American entry. These two characters showed the same bland inability to understand their position in the new Korea as they have shown in Japan itself since the surrender.

When they were courteously told by the committee's Dr. Kim that they were not wanted at the party, both backed out the door, bowing and repeating in English: "So sorry. So sorry."

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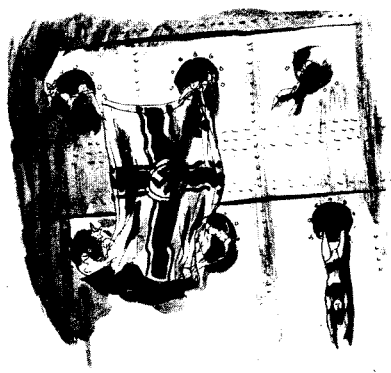
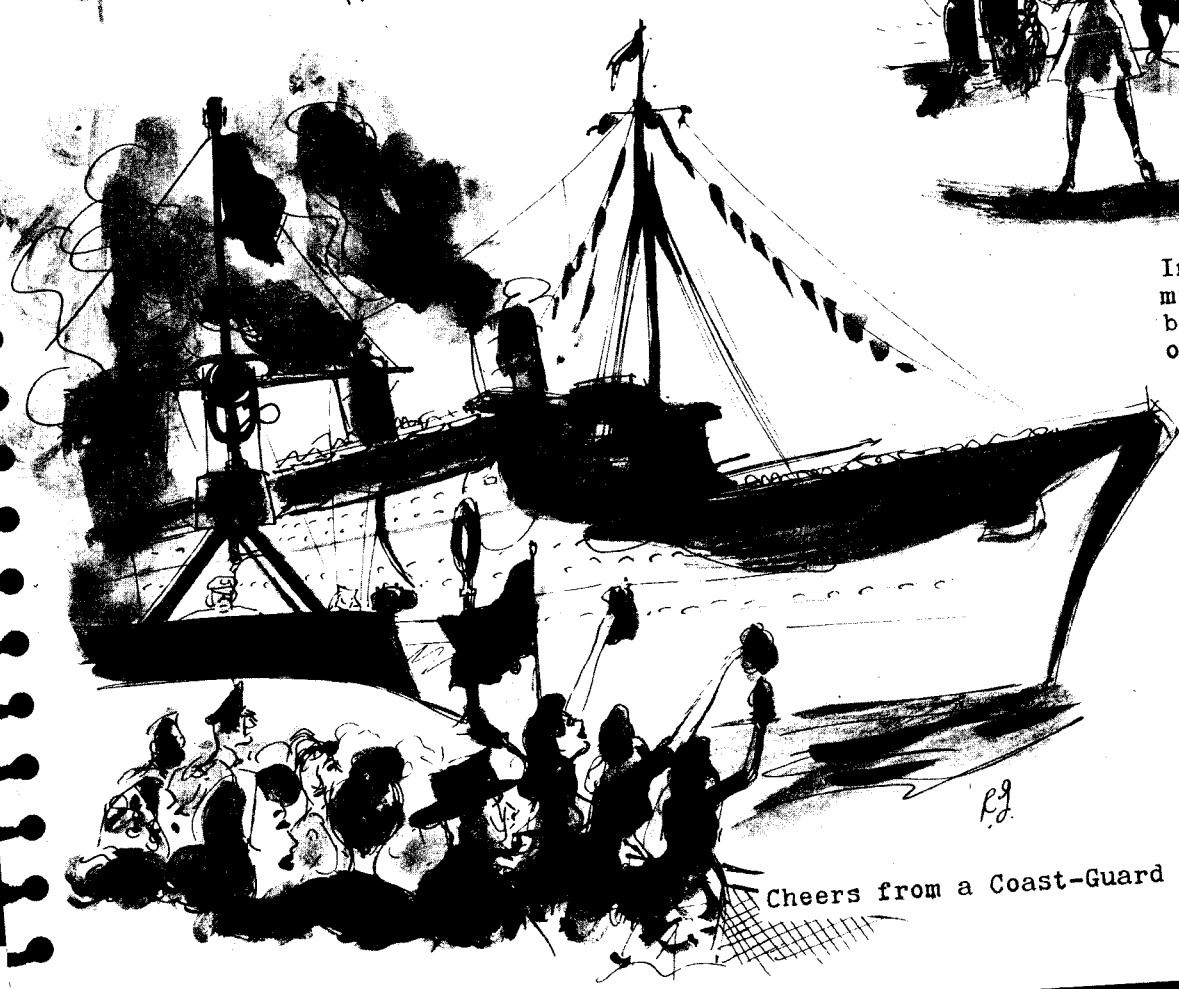
As the Elizabeth pulled in with almost 15,000 passengers crowding the decks, there was an Army band and an MP to greet them, like old times.



GIs hung swastikas out the portholes and even hung themselves.

Inside the pier, vets didn't mind unloading officers' baggage under the direction of a pretty Wac.



Cheers from a Coast-Guard cutter in harbor.

White and seventeen.

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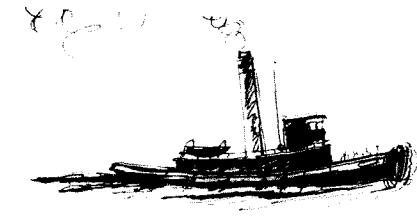
photog in action.



A tug steams up.

She was eased in.

Arms of the law.

Seen in the crowd.

e world's biggest
rt docked in New York
ousands of returning
ard, YANK artist Sgt.
enhalgh was on hand
is sketchbook to put
me of his impressions.

Outside the pier, cops held back an excited bunch of relatives.

A well-stacked wife, or sweetheart, was on hand with her GI's mother.

A line of Army nurses walked happily down the gangplank.

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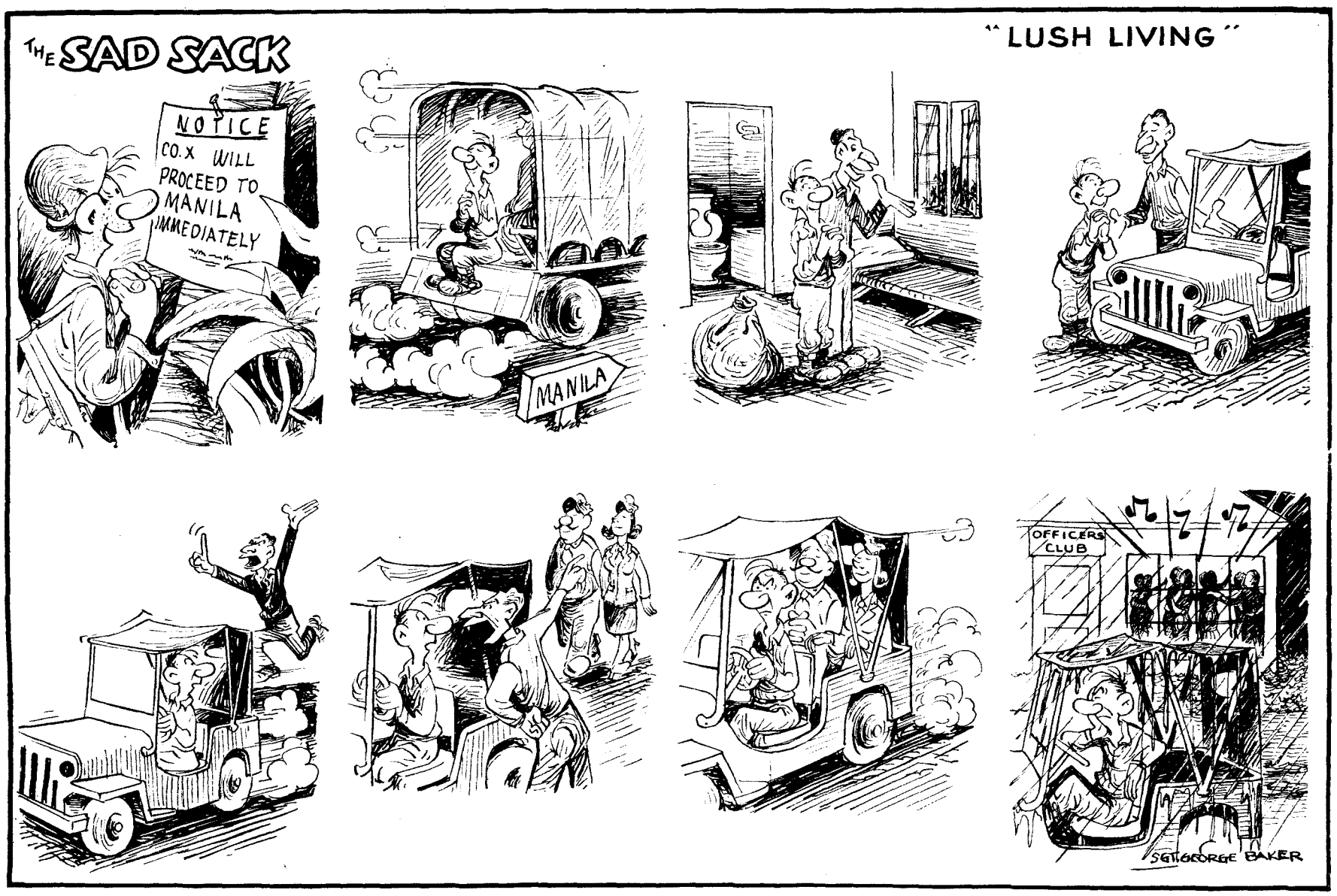


Bow and Arrow

Dear YANK:

Before I came into the Army I was interested in archery and did a little hunting with a bow back in the States. At present, I am stationed at a base in the CBI where the recreational facilities are limited but the hunting is good.

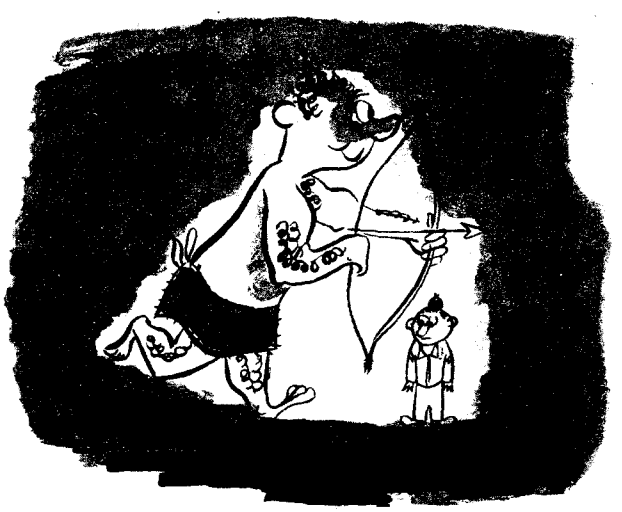
The only available equipment here consists of a light target bow and a few cheap arrows procured through Special Services. Our Special Services officer tells me that it is the best he can do for me and I guess maybe it is.

However, I have some equipment of my own back in the States, including a 65-lb. hunting bow and some fairly good arrows which I would like very much to have shipped to me here. The whole thing wouldn't run over five pounds shipping weight but it would be five-and-a-half-feet long.

Under present postal regulations, would there be some way of getting the rule on the size of overseas packages waived so I could have the bow and arrows sent to me in the CBI?

India —S/Sgt. EDWARD MILLER

■ Sorry, but there is no way of getting the bow and arrow over to the CBI under present postal regulations. The Post Office Department says that no package more than 36 inches in length and girth may be sent to an APO. The weight limit is as you stated, five pounds, but both the weight and size must conform with postal rules or the package will be kept out of the mails.



WHAT'S YOUR PROBLEM?

Letters to this department should bear writer's full name, serial number and military address.

Family Allotments

Dear YANK:

Now that the war is over I have been hearing all sorts of rumors about our family allowances. I have only five years to go to finish up my 30 years of service and it sure would make a lot of difference to know that the family allowance will continue. Is it true that our family allowances will stop within a few months or will they continue until Congress cuts them off?

France —T/Sgt. LEM H. HOWELL

■ The Office of Dependency Benefits says that family allowances will continue to be paid for an indefinite period even though hostilities have ceased. Under the Servicemen's Dependents Allowance Act, family allowances are payable for six months after the termination of the war. The termination of the war will not come until such date as Congress will set. The termination date for World War I was July 1921, when Congress by a joint resolution declared that war ended. World War II will probably be terminated by similar Congressional action. In any case, legislation is pending at present to continue family allowances for regular Army men in the postwar period.

Disability Pension

Dear YANK:

The Veterans Administration has informed me that I will soon receive a monthly pension of $55. Since I have been out of service, I have been planning my own business and have gone so far as to discuss a GI Bill of Rights loan with my local bank. If all goes well I should be in a position to close the deal for the garage I want within a few weeks.

However, I have read some stories in newspapers which make me wonder whether I should tackle the GI Bill loan or not. As I read these reports, if I fail to keep up my payments on my GI Bill loan, the Veterans Administration will cut off my disability pension to meet my loan debt. If that is the case, it looks like the disability pension is just a phony to keep wounded vets quiet.

Can the VA cut off my pension if I fail to make good in my business and cannot meet my loan obligations?

California —Ex-Cpl. SAM R. WILSON

■ The stories you have been reading are completely false. The Veterans Administration will not deduct the money a vet owes them via his GI Bill loan from his disability pension. Only if the veteran is guilty of fraud will such a deduction be made. In all other cases, where the veteran merely goes broke or fails as a businessman, the pension will not be cut off.

Terminal Leave

Dear YANK:

I am about to be separated from the service and I have more than 90 days of terminal leave coming to me. As I understand it, I will actually be out of the Army but on the Government payroll for these 90 days after I leave the Separation Center.

I was planning to go to school immediately upon my separation, and I am wondering if I will be considered released from service insofar as the GI Bill of Rights is concerned? Or, will I be neither fish nor fowl—out of service but not yet eligible for the GI Bill of Rights benefits because I am on terminal leave?

Brazil —Capt. MURRAY RAPOPORT

■ The Veterans Administration says that officers on terminal leave cannot take advantage of the benefits of the GI Bill of Rights until their leave is exhausted and they are finally separated from the service.

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PX

Contributions for this page should be addressed to the Post Exchange, YANK, The Army Weekly, 205 East 42d Street, New York 17, N. Y.

Rough All Over

TAKE a look into that mirror. The guy you see in that blue pin-stripe, complete with discharge button, is me. Yeah, me. And it ain't like I thought it would be.

Take it from me, Mac, things is really rough. I'm sitting here with the sweetest honey in the world, and everything should be all right. But this fountain-pen commando sitting next to us is beginning to run off at the mouth.

Don't get me wrong. Many's the civvy I myself have frozen when he thought he was a BTO. But this skinny GI is becoming damn annoying.

"Oh, my achin' back!" I says to my honey when the master of ceremonies gives with a good crack.

"Listen to that, wouldja!" says this GI to his buddy, loud enough for me an' my honey to hear. "Just full of the old GI lingo, now ain't he?"

I ignore him. My discharge button is on the off-side from him, and anyway the light in this dive is dim, so maybe I look 4-F. But there's light enough for me to see that the loud-mouthed soldier is a pale and skinny jerk. He's wearing a tailor-made combat jacket, with a few home-front marksman's medals dangling on his narrow chest. You can see permanent party written all over his face. I forget him and listen to the show.

"Rough!" I says to my honey when the comic's gag is sour. "Things is really rough here tonight!"

"Jeez!" says this pale soldier, "listen to that. Leave it to the civilian fighters to try to be GI." He's talkin' to his buddy, but he makes sure it's loud enough for me an' my honey to hear.

By this time I'm more PO'd than I been since I traded in my 89 points for The Paper. But I'm sweatin' him out because I don't want no trouble in front of my little honey.

The band gives out with some snappy military numbers, so I forget the soldier and begin to sing. The Artillery song, the Air Force song, and so on. My honey gazes happily at me while I sing in my rich bass voice which was the pride of every beer-bust our outfit ever threw.

"My, my," says this overgrown Boy Scout at the next table, "these civilians sure can sing the fightin' songs, can't they?"

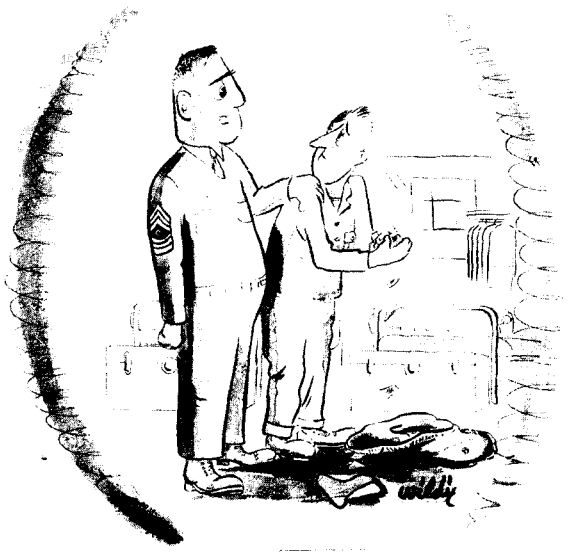
A red hot sheet of flame leaps up behind my eyes. I get to my feet an' reach over an' drag the soldier to his. Then I let him have one on the kisser. He slumps to the floor and is quiet for the first time this evening.

Then his buddy jumps me. We're going at it hot an' heavy when the MPs get there. I laugh like the devil when the MPs haul them both off, because of course the MPs can't touch me.

But the manager of the joint has called the cops, an' they throw me into this civilian guardhouse—the jug—remember? My swell new duds are ripped. I look like the last Rose of Tokyo.

But worst of all, I have lost my little honey. She says fightin' may be all right for soldiers, but she thought I was a gentleman by now. Yeah, take it from me, things is really rough all over.

Lockbourne AAB, Ohio —T. Sgt. ARNOLD BROWN



"We appreciate your thrift, MacFarland, but the Army doesn't require you to send your dirty rifle patches to the laundry."

—Pvt. F. B. Wildfoerster, Camp Cooke, Calif.

Hollywood, Iwo and Us

BEFORE I came to Iwo I used to think that I led a normal life. That was before I became a moviegoer. On Iwo you go to the movies, or crazy.

I used to get up about 0800 without Big Boy Williams blasting me out of bed. My first sergeant wasn't even a hulking figure. He was skinny and tall. He didn't go to movies much. He didn't even know how a first sergeant ought to look.

We used to clean up the barracks in an unusual manner. All we did was sweep and scrub and mop. It must have been a very poor job, because none of us could tap dance and there wasn't room for an orchestra.

After this we all went off to work. We all had a job, oddly enough, and none of us spent the day trying to break into the colonel's house to see his daughter. He didn't have a daughter and we didn't have the time.

The fellows I associated with were all pretty strange. We had a man from Brooklyn who was quiet, and a Texan who talked a lot. The CO looked like an ex-grocery clerk, which he was, and his West Point bearing must have deserted him at the end of his 90 days. Joseph Cotten never would have forgotten himself like that.

The boys in my outfit were depraved. Robert Walker would have been very unhappy among such bums. We seldom went on a pass or a furlough looking for a bride. A mate, maybe, but not a bride. We were out for a good time and we seldom married the girls we picked up in Penn Station. If the guy in the next sack ever met Joan Leslie, he wouldn't lose his composure for long. There are nice looking gals in Denver, too.

At times, our outfit misunderstands Hollywood. One night the squadron was sitting in the volcanic ash watching "A Bell For Adano." In one scene a Navy lieutenant fervently promised Major Joppolo that "We'll work all night and have that bell ready at 6 tomorrow morning." The audience roared, for our outfit has the absurd notion that when an officer says "we" and "work" in the same breath, he means "you" and "work."

Iwo Jima —Pfc. ARTHUR ADLER

—Cpl. B. H. Stell, Hawaii

"And what the hell is your name?"

—Pfc. F. Q. Hewitt, Camp Hulen, Texas

MILITARY LULLABY

Jeeps tumble over hot bogs.
Sky suffers one great yellow blister
Which bursts at noontime
And drenches the camp with pus-like heat.

Dust rides the heatwaves.
Nullifies all color,
Clothes all images entering the eye.

At last the strained hours loosen
Like tired muscles
And the day's ration of sleep is issued.

In the deepest hour of night
They are wakened by the rain's soft body
Hurled against the tents.
And one lies thinking
How a girl woke him thus in the night
With her crying.

Manila S/Sgt. TROY GARRISON

SONNET FOR VETERANS

Ask not that you be given special gifts,
Or treated in an extra-special way:
Although today a grateful nation lifts
One voice in thanks, you soon may see the day
When gratitude is spent; the very men
Who thank the loudest now may then forget
The blood you spilled. If so—I warn again—
Expect no mention of a special debt.
Instead of asking to be kept in mind
For payment of a very special kind,
Ask only for those things that all men ought
To have—the very things for which you fought:
A decent job, a busy world at peace:
And ask that free men's progress never cease.

Kirtland Field, N. Mex. —S/Sgt. MORTON BROOKS

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Barney Baruch uses a park bench in London to talk things over with two homeward-thinking GIs.

The report requested by President Roosevelt from Bernard M. Baruch recommends widespread changes in the Veterans Administration—from better medical care to easier GI loans.

LONG before VE- and VJ-Days rolled around, President Roosevelt asked his old friend and adviser, Bernard M. Baruch, the 75-year-old financier who is sometimes called "America's Elder Statesman," to make a study of the Veterans Administration. Before the study was completed President Roosevelt died and President Truman, calling for a complete modernization of the VA, appointed a new administrator of Veterans Affairs, Gen. Omar N. Bradley. But Baruch continued his investigation and recently made his conclusions public in the form of an "open letter" to the new administrator.

Because the Veterans Administration will play a large role in the future lives of hundreds of thousands of servicemen, the Baruch report, which is not only a critical study of the VA and the GI Bill of Rights but a proposal for far-reaching reforms, should be of much interest to present and prospective veterans.

At the time the study was made, the Veterans Administration (organized in its present form in 1930 but actually dating back to 1923) was under fire from several quarters. Since then, Gen. Bradley has ordered a number of important changes and has also adopted several of the Baruch recommendations. The Baruch report hasn't, however, been outdated; it seems likely that it will be mentioned often in future discussions of VA affairs. In presenting highlights from the report, YANK would like to emphasize that the views it contains are those of Baruch and are passed on to readers without editorial comment.

AN analysis of the "open letter" to Gen. Bradley shows that only a limited number of recommendations require special legislation to make them effective. Most of the changes urged by Baruch could be brought about either by executive orders from President Truman or administrative action by Gen. Bradley.

"The very first need in the present situation," Baruch says in his report, "is a vigorous, imaginative 'Work Director'" to make "certain the human side of demobilization is not forgotten."

The idea of a Work Director was first suggested by Baruch in a report called "Post-War Readjustment Policies" which Baruch and an associate prepared and issued in February 1944. Six months later, Congress passed a law to create such a post, officially known as "Administrator of Retraining and Reemployment." In his new report Baruch called for the appointment to the post, which hasn't yet been filled, of a man "of outstanding caliber" to "unify all the forces of the executive branch dealing with the human side of demobilization."

Baruch would have the Work Director responsible for: (a) keeping Army and Navy demobilization plans under "running review" in order to make sure that the plans tie in "with the whole of the changeover to peace"; (b) correcting "any faults in discharge procedures," especially "to make certain that doctors, nurses and hospitals are released from military service in proportion to the discharge of wounded and reductions in troop strength" and to prevent "too loose use of the label, 'psychoneurotic,' in medical discharges"; (c) ending the "run-around" for veterans by insisting that "in each community there is only one place where veterans need go—in dignity, not in charity—to learn all their rights and how to get them"; (d) development of an employment and training program answering "the needs of both veterans and displaced war workers," especially on the questions of seniority and vocational guidance; (e) making sure that veterans starting out in business are not logjammed by priorities and rationing.

Baruch's second proposal calls for reform of the VA medical setup, which late this summer was subjected to a barrage of criticism by newspaper and magazine writers and also by the *Journal* of the American Medical Association. The main charge leveled at the VA was that it was failing both to provide the best medical service for veterans already in its hospitals and to pre-

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Report on the VA

pare adequately for the care of the additional wounded of this war.

The *Journal* of the AMA made the charge that the service provided by the VA was in sharp and unfavorable contrast to the service given to soldiers by Army hospitals. Some writers declared that VA medical treatment was often out-of-date and incompetent, the food sometimes inedible and attendants occasionally brutal.

BARUCH specifically suggested: (a) "a clean-cut division in the veterans' agency between medical and non-medical functions, creating a new Veterans Medical Service under the head of an outstanding medical man": (b) appointment of "a small, fast-working, independent committee" to study "every aspect of veterans' medical care" and to recommend a "complete transformation" along the lines of progressive medical practice; (c) full publicity for the committee's periodic reports and, equally, for any and all reforms ordered by Gen. Bradley, to increase VA prestige and gain "public understanding and support"; (d) recruiting new, good doctors "by offering substantial increases in salaries of doctors, nurses, technicians and others in the new Medical Service; a promotion system based on professional ability and skill, against waiting in the line of seniority; freeing doctors of needless paper work through more efficient hospital administration; ample opportunities for doctors to grow professionally through post-graduate and refresher studies and through effective ties with centers of medical education and skill; the establishment of ample research facilities and encouragement of research by veterans' doctors."

Regarding VA patients, Baruch recommended: (a) development of a psychiatric program to train personnel and set up out-patient clinics for treating thousands of "so-called pyschoneurotics"; (b) "greater emphasis on out-patient clinics for veterans who do not need hospitalization"; (c) revision of "the program of future veterans' hospital construction" so that "closer contact can be maintained with established medical centers" of civilian character; (e) ending "the hopeless defeatism that now prevails in the treatment of veterans . . . paralyzed through wounds to the spinal cord or key nerves"; (f) ceaseless effort "to insure that the latest scientific and medical techniques are introduced in the treatment of every ailment"; (g) establishment of "effective liaison between the new Veterans' Medical Service and the medical branches of the armed services"; (h) revision of the pension and benefit system to eliminate "incentives to malingering, while still retaining just compensation for disability. I am informed by many doctors that in certain cases benefits do more harm than good, by encouraging so-called 'pensionitis.' No veteran should be deprived of any pension or benefit that is rightfully due him. But surely a system can be developed which will give the veteran his just allowance and still not hamper his physical recovery"; (i) development of a "limb replacement program" to give men who lost arms or legs the benefit of new and improved designs.

ON the non-medical side of VA operations, Baruch's recommendations for the VA were brief but pretty sweeping. These were the major suggestions: (a) appointment of a committee, like that suggested to review the medical program, to recommend simpler, decentralized operation of the VA; (b) "speeding of payments of every kind while still protecting the public interest. Doubtless, you have seen complaints of delays in settling death claims and disability pensions; of veterans who have protested that they were forced to leave school because their checks for living allowances did not come through. The enormous volume of veterans' laws needs codifying; the mass of regulations simplifying"; (c) prompt action to handle "the looming problem" of peacetime conversion of National Service Life Insurance held by veterans and prospective veterans, whose $136,000,000 in policies make the VA "the largest insurance business in the world"; (d) "unceasing battle against creeping red-tape and needless paper work in the handling of all veterans' affairs."

Commenting on the Baruch proposals, Charles Hurd, New York *Times* writer on veterans' problems, pointed out: "The elimination of criticized operations needs little legislation, if any. In the medical end, the direction, shifting, hiring and firing of personnel is a matter of administrative operation, not of new laws. Salaries can be raised, positions regraded, and personnel generally shaken up by the new administrator.

"In the non-medical operations . . . the worst criticism is in the amount of paper work, affidavits and interminable forms necessary to apply for and qualify for the education, loan and insurance benefits. This paper work and the accompanying headaches was not written into the laws. It stems from the regulations written by the legal staff of the Veterans Administration. . . . What the VA created it can modify."

It's when he gets around to the GI Bill of Rights, which the VA is responsible for administering, that Baruch calls for changes which only Congress can put into effect. At the present time, some 1,500 bills affecting veterans are pending in Congress. Baruch thinks that Gen. Bradley should appoint a committee to make a study, with members of Congress, of all the laws and proposed laws dealing with veterans' rights.

BARUCH'S strongest recommendation to improve the GI Bill of Rights is to extend the time in which veterans may apply for loans from the current two years (that is, two years after discharge or two years after the official date of the end of the war, which hasn't been set yet) to a full 10 years.

"Under the act," he wrote, "each veteran is authorized to borrow for either the purchase of a home or farm or go into business, but this must be done in two years. The Government will guarantee $2,000 of such loans. Let us say, the unguaranteed portion is another $2,000 or $4,000 in all. If one-half the 10,000,000 eligible veterans [ED. NOTE: The number of eligibles may be even higher] take advantage of it, that means $20 billions of borrowings. Think of that pressure going into the market for homes, farms or businesses in two years! What a harvest high-pressure salesmen will reap unless the time is extended!

"Spread over 10 years, the GI loans can serve as a stabilizing force, humanly as well as economically. Many veterans may prefer attending school before buying a home, farm or business. Others, who plan on going into business, will have a better chance to succeed if they first gain experience by taking a job in the particular line."

Baruch also proposed: (a) increasing the size of the Government guarantee on GI business loans. "For veterans really to be helped into business, the present 50 percent guaranty on business loans is too low. In New Jersey a 90 percent guaranty is provided by State law. Much of the red-tape that has proven so frustrating to veterans can be reduced by devising a system by which loans are made virtually automatic on approval of a local bank"; (b) "an incentive tax of 25 percent less than the normal rate [should] be given veterans opening new businesses, this difference to be applied in repayment of their loans up to $25,000"; (c) putting GI home loans in charge of the National Housing Administration and setting up "an arrangement which comes to meeting the needs of the veterans, with a flat 4 percent interest rate, payment spread over equal monthly installments, sound appraisal and mortgages fully guaranteed by the Government"; (d) tightening the educational provisions of the GI Bill to protect the veteran against "fly-by-night" trade schools which may spring up to "exploit" him; (e) a study of "additional benefits for veterans and their families."

In regard to additional benefits, Baruch in his open letter declared: "I know it would come as a shock to the American people to learn that we have not treated our veterans as generously as some countries have theirs. A study comparing the GI provisions of the United States, Britain, Canada, New Zealand, South Africa and Australia has been prepared for me and I shall send it to you." [This report has so far not been published.]

SUMMARIZING his proposals Baruch said: "With their families, the 12,000,000 veterans of this war make up one-fourth of the entire population. . . . Reorganization, modernization and expansion of the Veterans Administration cannot be delayed. Unless there is prompt, corrective action, the disillusionment and bitterness that have spread among some veterans and their kin will steadily worsen.

"Solution of the veterans' problems does not—cannot—proceed alone. During the period when our soldiers and sailors will be shedding their uniforms, six or eight million workers in strictly war industries will be shifting jobs or homes. The ultimate goal of any veterans' program must be to restore the returning soldier and sailor to the community — socially, economically and humanly. . . .

"One terrible danger of failure may be to set the veteran off from the rest of the nation, cherishing the grievance of having been wronged, at odds with fellow-Americans, his feelings an explosive fuel ready to be ignited by some future demagogues.

"In many ways the success in meeting the problems of the returning veteran will be the acid test of our democracy. For we have here a matter in which there is no question of what our people would like to see done. What is at question is our competence to carry out obligations which all of us recognize and wish to see fulfilled.

"We must not fail the veteran—for then we fail ourselves. We fail our nation with its heritage of greatness which is the challenge to all the world. We must show that our political and economic system which met the test of war so magnificently can be turned as effectively to the solution of human problems in the return to peace."

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YANK
THE ARMY WEEKLY

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This Week's Cover

ONE of the divers detailed to recover 17 million silver pesos from Manila Bay is T/Sgt. Harrison T. Martin of San Francisco, Calif. In this picture, by S/Sgt. Ed Wergeles, PRO, AFWESPAC, he is shown on a salvage ship with the spoils he brought back from the bottom. Other pictures of silver-hunting operations are on page 5.

PHOTO CREDITS. Cover—S/Sgt. Ed Wergeles, PRO, AFWESPAC. 5—Sgt. Wergeles. 6 & 7—Sgt. Eugene Kammerman. 8—Sgt. John Frano. 9—Sgt. Roger Wrenn. 10 & 11—Sgt. Bill Young. 16—PA. 20—MGM. 21—Cpl. Brown Roberts. 23—Cpl. Roberts.

Mail Call

What Price Victory?

Dear YANK:

What price victory? When we landed on Okinawa June 8th, the first thing we did after pitching our pup-tents was to pitch an officers' mess tent for four officers. That was perfectly all right as far as we were concerned if we had a roof over our heads. But no, we ate in the rain, dirt and sun for six weeks after that.

For four weeks we didn't taste a piece of fresh meat. That too would have been all right with us but for the fact that the CO was having a little party for a few nurses and officers at his quarters, and we were ordered to build a barbecue pit after 4:30 P.M. on Saturday because it had to be ready in time for the party on Sunday. That too might have been all right with us, except that while we had canned hash for dinner and supper, the CO was frying steaks for the other officers, nurses and himself over the barbecue pit we were ordered to build. Of course, we had to police up the empty beer and whiskey bottles the morning after the party.

The same day, I received a letter from my wife telling me that she and my son were praying for my safety. "Finish the job," she said, "so that you can get back home to the ones you love. We are proud of what you are doing."

She was proud of what we were doing.

A few months went by and we finally got around to building a mess hall. One fine morning one of the fellows was going to chow in his shorts. The CO told him he would either wear pants in the mess hall or he wouldn't eat there. A rule is a rule and had to be obeyed, so this fellow put on a pair of pants. The very same afternoon the CO came to dinner in shorts. His answer to the inevitable question was, "That's my privilege."

It was nice to receive a letter from my wife the same day, but she seemed to inject a bit of flag waving in it. She proudly wrote, "By doing away with dictatorship you are making this world a safer place for our children and ourselves to live in." The wind must have died down on Okinawa, because somehow the flag didn't seem to wave here.

A few more weeks went by uneventfully until one day we discovered through secret channels that we had $152 in the company fund. We had drawn 18 bottles of beer per man in three months, so we figured if we had some way of getting a few cases, we could have a company party. Our first sergeant did a little string-pulling and fixed it up so we could draw 50 cases. He told the CO about it, and the CO said it was fine and that he would draw the beer money from Finance so we could hold our party. Saturday was going to be a big day for us. Free beer and a lot of fun.

Came Saturday and the CO even came with us to pick up the beer. Maybe he wasn't such a bad guy at all. But when we were ready to pick it up, the CO decided that 50 cases would be too much for us so he only paid for 29 cases. When we got back to the camp with the 29 cases, the CO took six cases for himself. There was no protest, no bitching on our part, just anger and disgust.

The CO ordered the mess sergeant to ice up the remaining beer for the party that night. He did as he was told, but not one man attended the party. Instead, we all went to the movies. Oh, how we love movies in preference to a beer party!

The next morning the CO called the non-coms together and told them we would pay for not attending the party. We would get up earlier in the morning, work later at night, do eight hours close-order drill a day, if necessary. And if he saw the need for it, inspections twice a day. Right then and there every non-com from the first sergeant down turned in his stripes, 32 non-coms in all.

The CO immediately pulled out the good old book, Articles of War, and read to them about mutiny and sedition. He then left the company area for a few hours, and when he came back he called the non-coms together again and told them he refused the stripes. He ordered everyone back to work as though nothing had happened. "Forget it," he said.

Forget Germany. Forget the Japs. Forget what led to this war. Forget dictatorship. Forget tyranny. Forget, and we will fight another war.

Today, when I read my wife's letter, she is very happy. "We won the war," she writes. We won the war, but we lost our sense of decency. We lost our trust in mankind. We have just now learned how to hate.

All these charges plus a few more were made to the Tenth Army IG almost two weeks ago by at least four different persons in this company, including myself. The IG thanked me for coming there and he said he would tear right into our CO. Two weeks is long enough to wait, considering the IG is only 10 minutes ride from here.

One man has made a company of 93 men bitter against every officer in the service, bitter against democracy. We have been intimidated, bluffed, and lied to, and when we ask for a fair investigation, we are forgotten. There is one question left in the minds of all of us.

"What were we fighting for?"

Okinawa —(54 Names Withheld)

Is This Justice?

Dear YANK:

Believe it or not, it really happened down here in Trinidad. Incidentally, Trinidad is in the British West Indies, and this is known as the Antilles Department to us soldiers. I mention this because I know that many of you have not heard of this place before, or have forgotten that there are American soldiers still here.

A soldier contracted a venereal disease while on duty in Italy. In the meantime, he was transferred into this department. Several months lapsed and now a letter of reprimand has been received by the soldier's new CO demanding information as to why the soldier and detachment have not been punished, and that such action be taken immediately.

You guessed it. We are all deprived of pass privileges for one month.

In the meantime, the affected soldier is enjoying life as a civilian in the good old U.S.A.

Is this justice? We want to know.

Trinidad —(17 Names Withheld)

Non-Frat on Okinawa

Dear YANK:

Four fellows and myself in this outfit have been discussing the laws of the military government on this island of Okinawa. What we would like to know is this: Why does the local military government have a standing sentence of confinement for a period of six months for fraternizing with the natives of this island?

The majority of the population here are Okinawans, not Japanese. In Germany GIs are fraternizing with German girls with no penalty whatsoever.

Okinawa —FIVE SEABEES

Low Shoes

Dear YANK:

Don't the Four Freedoms include the right to wear a pair of low quarter GI shoes?

The way it is now, the officers who make all the money can go to QMC and buy a pair of shoes worth $10 for $3.60.

The poor enlisted man isn't allowed to buy a pair from QMC and has to go downtown and pay $10 for a pair made out of paper worth $3.60.

I think it ought to be the other way round.

The Medics, I understand, do give one pair to EM, but how about a second pair so he has four in all, and can alternate like the book says?

Memphis, Tenn. —Pfc. J. P. HOFOR

Job Training

Dear YANK:

Now that the war is over and we are all waiting for discharges, it's time the Training Division of the Army adjusts its sights and comes up with something of more benefit to American citizens than drill, PT, military courtesy, etc. Let's start training to be civilians, not soldiers.

There is just as big a job to do and training methods can be just as dramatically effective if the brass hats buckle down to the job. Already, the Air Forces Convalescent Hospitals have set up Psychological Testing Units to give aid to psychiatrists in adjudging cases. Let's carry it a little further. Give every GI the chance to take these tests. Then, when his vocational aptitudes are discovered, do something about them.

We should have vocational field trips, job seminars with discussions being led by successful business and professional leaders, practical orientation periods. Why not allow men with high point scores an opportunity to work for several hours each day in a field of their own choice?

At a recent two-day conference held at this post, Maj. Gen. Ralph Royce, Commanding General Personnel Distribution Command, informed the assembled leaders of Government, business, labor and education that 30 some-odd percent of the men receiving dis-

"On the other hand, he's not fit to be a civilian, either."
—Sgt. Tom Flannery

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charges do not know what they are going to do.

Certainly within this next year, while we are awaiting demobilization, we could be utilizing that time to find the answer. And—this is important—men retained in the service would feel they are accomplishing something while waiting for discharge.

—S/Sgt. EDWARD A. ALTSHULER

Santa Ana AAB, Calif.

Dream Army

Dear YANK:

As the Army stands today, it will never be able to pass a bill calling for compulsory military training. The main reason for this is because of the present standard of military discipline and restriction. The Army will have to become more attractive to the bulk of the men who comprise it. The Government does not have to force people to join the City Police, the City Fire Department or the State Highway Patrol, simply because the members of those organizations do not lose their individual rights as citizens.

There is no reason why the Army cannot be run as any other governmental organization. I personally do not think the Army will ever change, but I want to go on record with suggestions that would swamp the Army with applications for employment:

1) Wearing of the Army uniform during duty hours only.

2) Let the soldier live where he wants, married or not, but with barracks being provided for those who want them on the post.

3) No restrictions on when a soldier may leave the post so long as it doesn't interfere with his duty hours.

4) Inspections of living quarters being made for purposes of sanitation—without "spit and polish" perfection—and the arrangement of his personal belongings to suit his own convenience.

5) Make it impossible for a soldier to be punished or given extra duty for the following, except that he may be "fired": failure to salute, unsanitary quarters, insubordination, out of uniform, late for duty, etc. However, he should be subject to fine or imprisonment for the same misdemeanors that any civilian is.

6) Do away with formations to such places as the mess hall and pay window. Make a soldier join a formation only when it's directly associated with his duty.

7) Mass calisthenics are stupid. Give a soldier a ball and he will play himself in shape. Daily drill routine is the greatest single factor towards "rock-bottom" morale.

8) Absolutely do away with the soldier having to meet Reveille formation in the morning or Retreat in the evening, although the specific job of the flag raising and lowering should be given to the required number of soldiers.

Treat the soldier like an American citizen and you've got your peacetime Army.

Britain —(Officer's Name Withheld)

Atomic Horror

Dear YANK:

A lot of sentimental nonsense has been bandied about concerning the moral aspects of using the atomic bomb. As was to be expected, these pious cries of horror come from the musty libraries of well-fed clergymen and from others equally far removed from the war. They imply in their protest that the pre-atomic phase of this war was somehow more Christian and humane.

We have killed a dozen times more civilians in the orthodox air war in Europe than were destroyed at Hiroshima and Nagasaki and at an infinitely greater cost in Allied lives over a much longer period of time. Hence, it is the efficiency of the atomic bomb which appalls these sentimentalists, not the loss of life. There has been nothing remotely Christian about methods of winning this or any war; the only question to be asked is, "Did the method employed bring victory with least sacrifice of life?" And Churchill has estimated 1,000,000 lives were saved by bringing Japan to her knees without an invasion.

The world might well be a happier place in which to live without the atomic bomb, but is there anyone so foolish as to presume that with scientists in all countries on the threshold of this discovery, it could remain a secret for any considerable length of time? One scientist estimates that in five years every major power will be able to manufacture atomic bombs.

In war or peace, with or without its use on Japan, the secret of atomic power was close at hand. Had the discovery and demonstration [illegible] bomb been delayed five [illegible] the chances of completely [illegible] danger and destructive po[illegible] trolling its manufacture [illegible] been immeasurably less [illegible] present time. Now we realize fully [illegible] magnitude of this threat against civilization.

To a few GIs the issue is plain: the U.S.A. must take her full responsibility in the family of nations, exerting her leadership for peace and toward control of atomic bomb production. Should we evade our responsibilities as we did between World War I and II, *there* would be our cardinal sin, and not in the use of the atomic bomb to end a war.

Albuquerque, N. M. —Sgt. VACHEL L. BLAIR

Postwar Basic

Dear YANK:

Now I am firmly convinced that this command is as close as anyone can get to hell. After rejoicing at the finish of nearly four years of war, we are to be rewarded by receiving basic training all over again. Nearly all of us have over three years of service and we are about to revert back to rookies.

First they took away all of our equipment and had it packed and crated to be returned to the U.S. Now they have reissued us cosmolined rifles and full field regalia. They posted a training schedule which calls for road marches, running the obstacle course, a mile run twice a week, scouting and patroling, care of the small arms, chemical warfare, military courtesy, inspections and parade reviews for the old man.

I have over four years in the service with 37 months overseas, but I do not have enough points for discharge.

What do they want—blood? I can't see why we can't be given a break after these long tedious months on a bleak, barren island. If they can't get us out of here, at least don't treat us as rookies.

Newfoundland —(Name Withheld)

Veteran Farmers

Dear YANK:

There seems to be a lot of argument on the so-called GI Bill of Rights in the news of late, and one part of the bill seems to be taken for such a great success that it is seldom questioned.

When a loan of a couple of thousand dollars is mentioned to help the farming enterprises that our veterans may wish to start on their return, everyone says, look what the Government is giving away.

The Government is actually giving the vet nothing and is really making it harder for him to get a loan than it ever would be if he weren't fool enough to try it under the GI Bill.

If a returning soldier makes good grades in school Uncle Sam simply hands him a nice check every month, but let another produce a good harvest and his only reward is a little higher income tax for not failing.

A lot of people seem to forget that a farmer cannot come back from a foreign war after two to four years absence, harvest a crop, and expect to make his first year's expenses.

The very best that could be done would be to get home in late winter in time to buy equipment for spring planting which would get the vet a crop in eight or 10 months from the time of his discharge from the Army. But suppose we bring our vet home just at planting time in the spring—then by the time he has secured his equipment he must wait for the fall planting season and consequently his first crop isn't harvested for 18 months after his discharge.

To add to all these headaches, if the vet owned his farm when he went into service it has in all probability been left to dilapidation and corrosion. Fences will be down, cultivated soil will be weed-ridden to an extent that it will be like breaking sod, and so things will need repair. The chances are that such a farmer will get about 25 percent less than an ordinary harvest and will come out so far in debt it will take all his profit for the next two years to pay the interest on his loan.

Why shouldn't we pay a farmer $50 per month for the first year, like we do the student, for four years?

Germany —Pvt. BYRON E. MINICH

■ Pvt. Minich overlooks the unemployment-compensation provisions of the GI Bill of Rights in his discussion of veteran-farmer problems. That section of the law makes it possible for a veteran to get as much as $100 per month in unemployment compensation for a full year.

The law treats the farmer as a man in business for himself and he thus becomes entitled to the difference between what his farm earns during a particular month and $100. If the farm has no income over and above its normal operating expenses, the farmer gets the full $100.

YANK TO DISCONTINUE PUBLICATION

THE issue of YANK published in the last week of December 1945 will be the final issue of YANK as a magazine of this war. The War Department has directed that YANK discontinue publication, both overseas and in the U. S., by the end of this year. The original mission of the magazine, to spread news of the global war to enlisted men all over the world, has been officially completed. Command newspapers and camp publications will continue to take care of news in their local theaters, and YANK, as a publication, will accept its discharge from the armed services.

YANK subscribers who are caught short with unexpired subscriptions by this closing date will be repaid according to the number of issues they miss. Checks will be mailed to cover all such unexpired subscriptions, both domestic and overseas. Naturally, no new subscriptions will be accepted.

Off-Duty Salutes

Dear YANK:

Before Pearl Harbor EM were allowed to wear civilian clothes when off duty and were not obliged to salute officers when off post. Having to salute innumerable officers in town at every step one takes when off duty is not only tiresome to the EM but many officers themselves think it is a nuisance.

Military courtesy is a fine thing and one should salute officers one knows personally. However, now that the war is over, saluting should be on a voluntary basis when off post. The fear that some MP is lurking behind a post or pillar ready to pounce on one for not having saluted some second louie has no good reason to exist today and smells too much of the militaristic way of life prevalent in non-democratic countries.

Washington, D. C. —T/Sgt. KERIM KEY

Miserable Movies

Dear YANK:

So some guys don't like what they see in the movies. My, my, isn't that just too bad. They want to see more reality, misery, and heartbreak. They want movies that are simple, homely and subtle. B.S.!

Why do the American people go to the movies so much? They go to see something that will make them forget, for several hours, the drab, humdrum life they live. They like to pretend, for a time, that they are big shots, heroes, etc. That what is happening on the screen is also in their imagination, happening to them. They like movies that are stupendous, with lots of excitement, and with happy endings. They like the heroines glamorous and the hero swashbuckling.

Just imagine having to see several movies that would show the reality, sorrow, misery and monotony of our everyday lives. After seeing them you would be so disgusted that you probably would never want to see another picture.

So I say, just let the movies continue as they are now. They are pleasing to the majority of the American people, both soldiers and civilians. And for the small minority that do not like them, well it's just TS.

—T/Sgt. ROBERT E. HANKETT

Camp Wheeler, Ga.

For EM Only

Dear YANK:

Loud hurrahs and much applause to Sgt. L. M. for his well-expressed opinions on the subject of a postwar veterans' organization for EM and EM only, and we mean just that.

Realizing that enlisted personnel will always be in the majority and officers in the minority, why, oh why, should we have to sit back and take it on the chin in civilian life as we have in military life? Should we let the officers gain a foothold in our veterans' organization and be forced to rub shoulders with them? Hell, no, let's show some backbone and permit them to be as exclusive then as they are now.

There have always been too few mediums for an enlisted man to air his views and opinions with the war in progress (no kicks on that), but we wish to see a future organization in which our leadership and planning might mean not bowing down to a caste system of the few but in depending upon the wisdom of the many.

We believe, earnestly, thoughtfully, soberly, and without a backward glance on our grievances of the past that a veterans' organization composed of enlisted personnel exclusively should be our just reward.

Marianas —Sgt. ORRIN G. BAHR*

*Also signed by 16 others.

Strictly GI

W. O. Appointments. Examinations for and appointments of temporary warrant officers (junior grade) have been discontinued, the WD announced, except in cases in which recommendations have already been made and approved by the first forwarding authority.

Coast Guard Academy. On May 8 and 9, 1946, the annual competitive examination for appointment to the United States Coast Guard Academy will be held throughout the country. All men who meet the following basic requirements are eligible to compete in the examination:

Be not less than 17 years of age nor more than 22 on May 1, 1946. Be at least a high-school graduate. Be unmarried. Have the following credits in high school or college:

Algebra	2	English	3
Plane Geometry	1	Physics	1
Trigonometry	½	Chemistry	1
Other optional units			6½

No waivers of the requirements will be granted. Descriptive literature concerning the Academy may be acquired by addressing the Commandant, U.S. Coast Guard, Washington, D. C. As the examination will be given only in the United States, those enlisted men outside the continental U.S. on May 8 and 9 will be unable to compete. Candidates who are successful in obtaining an appointment to the Academy will be discharged from the Army to accept the appointment.

Surplus Winter Equipment. Nearly $21,000,000-worth of surplus Army snow and winter clothing and equipment will soon be made available to the public, the WD announced.

The items have been released to the Department of Commerce, and will be sold through regular trade channels by regional offices of the department.

Items included in the list are 47,000 mountain sleeping bags, 46,000 arctic sleeping bags, 169,196 pairs of ski pants, 149,800 pairs of trail snowshoes, 123,647 pairs of ski-mountain boots, 127,819 pairs of mountain skis, 234,000 pairs of ski poles, 2,068,773 pairs of knit wristlets, 636,848 pairs of polarized ski goggles, 75,000 pairs of arctic felt shoes, 532,000 pairs of ice creepers, 152,000 pairs of ski bindings, 22,000 wool sleeping bags and 33,069 ski-repair kits.

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Clothes and things

By Sgt. AL HINE
YANK Staff Writer

IN a newspaper article not so long ago, Capt. Basil Henry Liddell-Hart, a British military analyst, let himself go on the subject of women's clothes. This was unwise of the captain. It is unwise of any man.

Capt. Liddell-Hart, however, went a little beyond the ordinary male habit of picking on women's hats and the cost of feminine ornament. He proceeded to hail feminine style as a barometer of social change. His theory was that you could predict the political weather by a good gander at milady's bustle. He spoke of the "tranquil hoopskirts of the tranquil early 19th century." He said, "When women begin to flatten their figures and wear exaggerated hats, there is trouble brewing."

Well, we like nothing better than seeing a two-pipper go out on a limb, so we grabbed the captain's statement, neatly clipped from the morning paper, and rushed down to quiz Miss Elizabeth Hawes on her reactions to same. We thought they would be worth hearing.

We picked on Miss Hawes because, of all the women we could think of at the moment, she seemed most completely to combine clothes and articulate opinions. Her whole life up till now has been a busy mixture of the two and it shows no signs of abating to placidity.

Miss Hawes went to Vassar in the 1920s. She graduated and went to Europe, where she studied dress designing and wrote for the *New Yorker*. She came home to the U. S. in 1929, started her own dress business and wrote two books. Both the books and the dress business were overwhelmingly successful as very damn little else that started in 1929 was successful. In the books and in her business, she crusaded for more sensible clothes for both men and women. She gave up her business in 1939 and went to work on the new New York newspaper *PM*; she acted as a buying counselor to make up for the paper's ban on advertising. She left *PM* and went to work in an airplane-engine plant. She wrote another book. She left the airplane-engine plant to devote all her time to the UAW-CIO Education Department. Now she's momentarily sloughed off everything else to write her first novel.

If there was anyone who could give us the *pukka gen* on Capt. Liddell-Hart's remark, we thought, Miss Hawes was it.

Miss Hawes answered our insistent bell-ringing and let us into her apartment. She poured us a cup of coffee and asked, What was it?

She was wearing a checked shirt—wool, we thought—open at the collar, and blue slacks, softly pale with much washing, patched with a darker blue square on one knee. We showed her the Liddell-Hart clipping.

She read for a second and tossed the clipping down, digested.

"He's all right, but he doesn't go far enough," she said. "And he puts the cart before the horse.

"The way he says it, it sounds as if you should look at women's clothes to find out what's going on in the world. It's the other way around. Look at what's going on in the world and you know what women's clothes are going to be like.

"Ask any designer if she wouldn't give good money to know what conditions were going to be like in advance. If you know what conditions are, you can guess what kind of clothes will be in demand."

She thought for a moment, balancing her own coffee cup on her knee.

"But it works both ways," she said. "There was something Anatole France said—but maybe I'm being highbrow?"

We hastened to reassure her that every GI knew who Anatole France was and, if he didn't, we could always put somewhere in the story that he was a famous French writer, born 1844, died 1924.

"Anatole France said something about if there was one book he could have in the afterworld he would want a book of current women's fashions," Miss Hawes said. "From looking at the fashions he could tell what was going on in the world, whether people were happy or afraid or at war or at peace."

It seemed very simple, for Anatole France or Elizabeth Hawes.

"But Liddell-Hart's wrong about 'trouble brewing' when styles are unnatural," Miss Hawes took up the bit again. "Trouble isn't brewing when styles are unnatural; trouble is already there. Styles are direct; they reflect what's going on, not what's going to go on."

WE asked her what signs, if any, were abroad in styles now, that the wise man might look and learn.

"There's nothing much startling to learn," she said. "Only that things haven't changed much. If anything, clothes have gone backwards since the war. They aren't as experimental or, usually, as comfortable as they were getting to be.

"I was in Cleveland last week, getting some work done, and I talked to a lot of girls. Mostly kids in war plants and so on. *They* were worrying about whether their skirts were too short."

We lifted an eyebrow.

"Women are nervous now," Miss Hawes said. "All their men are coming home and the women don't know how their men will want them to be. They know the skirts ought to be pretty high. But *how* high?"

"It's a problem for a woman," she said, sliding away from the original subject in her enthusiasm. "Lots of them dress like tramps, particularly upper-class women. And their men like them to dress like tramps up to a certain point. Then they begin to worry. The girls are worrying before that.

"The girl wants to dress enough like a tramp to attract her man's attention in the first place and not so much like a tramp that he thinks he doesn't have to marry her."

We never got a chance to ask Miss Hawes by what signs one could tell infallibly whether a girl had her mind set on marriage or on something a little less binding.

"The girls are out to get married now and the GIs coming back better look out," she said and was off again with her commentary on Capt. Liddell-Hart.

"One reason clothes seem to be falling into the same pattern as after the last war," she said, "is because they *are* the same. Designers here are just copying old Paris patterns of the '20s. I know; I swiped 'em in the '20s and I can still recognize them.

"But what the captain missed noticing is men's clothes. Men's clothes reflect events just as much as women's and quicker and more accurately. After all, it's men who run most things and make policy, so their clothes are a better barometer.

"Before the war, men's clothes were beginning to get a little more sensible. You saw slack suits in the streets, even delivery boys would be wearing them—light trousers and an open-collar shirt of matching color. They were cool and comfortable. Some of them had a little color to them and quite normal men were not ashamed to wear them.

"In the summers you found men going to offices in shirts without ties. You know, shirts *made* to be worn without ties—long collars. Not everybody wore them, but some very respectable business men could be seen getting by with them, say on a hot Saturday morning when they had to go to the office. I'm afraid all that's been thrown for a loss.

"I've heard some GIs talk about wearing something comfortable like a battle jacket, civilian-styled. But the way they talk, you know they'll never wear one. It's just hopeful talk. They'll go back to coats and ties and all the rest of it.

"People still write me about clothes; some soldiers write me. But they're all the type of people who would be interested in something new anyway. There's no real over-all change of feeling about clothes in men."

We asked her if she could name us any obvious evidence of the war as shown by clothes.

"Well, the clothes the leaders wore," she said, thinking. "Roosevelt's cape was military and that sort of tunic of Stalin's, and then there was Churchill's siren suit. That last was most typical of all, because he didn't keep on wearing it. Only as long as things still looked tough. While the war was in the balance, he wore the siren suit. It was a comfortable, sensible garment and it looked good and businesslike.

"But as soon as it began to be pretty certain that the Axis was losing, as soon as he knew what his own plans were for the future, back he went into the old familiar conservative statesman's dress of trousers, shirt and coat."

We asked Miss Hawes one final question: What shape would clothes take in the future?

"Every shape," she said. "Clothes are a good sign that the people of the world are getting to know each other. Not uniformity in clothes, but the fact that we are moving toward a time when a woman in New York can dress in something Chinese if it's comfortable and if she likes it, and a woman in China can wear a New York-style dress.

"Important people the world over have dressed as they pleased—and somewhat similarly—for some time. Cartels and clothes, they go together in that sense. But eventually an exchange of ideas all over the world may be reflected in clothes all over the world with all people. Why not?"

We left thinking that Capt. Liddell-Hart had not come off too badly, that Miss Hawes had come off very well, and that we, ourself, could thank our lucky stars that we were married already. Watch that danger line, men, somewhere around the knee!

ACCORDING to the experts who know the facts of screen biographies, the grass background in this picture is appropriate. Donna Reed was born in Denison, Iowa, on a farm. In 1938 she left the grass and corn to learn to be a secretary at Los Angeles City College. She starred in two school plays there, and that led to a successful screen test and a contract. She is 5 feet 3½, weighs 115 pounds, has brown eyes and brown hair. Her latest MGM picture is "They Were Expendable."

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Casualty in New York

YANK FICTION

By Cpl. BILL FEINBERG

To some guys a woman is everything. Not just a roll in the hay, or someone to be soft with, or the mother of your kids, but your whole goddam life. I call these guys worshippers, and I'm sorry for them.

There are plenty of worshippers around in life. Some of them marry the good woman they deserve, but a lot of them don't. Too often they end up with smart little wenches who know when they have a good thing and spend the rest of their lives ordering it around.

I tell you this so there won't be any mistake about Slim. Slim understood women like he understood everything else, and when he felt about his wife the way he did it wasn't because he didn't know any better. He knew her, and because he knew her he was as solidly in love as any man could be.

A bunch of us were attached to an attack transport, and bunking with the Navy crew. The first night on ship, I was looking for the latrine and asked the first sailor I saw.

"Hey, bud, where's the latrine?"

"I'll show you where the *head* is." He grinned at my surprised look at the Navy lingo. We got to be friends right away.

He came from a small town in Georgia, and I got to know the streets and the high school and his family pretty well in those weeks at sea. I swapped tales of the big city in return and told a few tall ones about nightclubs in New York and the babes. There's nothing wrong with that. Everything seems no nice when you look back that you naturally make the pleasant side of civilian life even nicer than it was. It was on one of those warm, clear nights that I found out how he felt about his wife. I was laying it on thick about all the girls I used to take out, and what hot kids they were, and Slim was listening as though he believed it all. Then he broke in.

"Well, Steve, who did you finally decide on? Who did you marry?"

"None of them, Slim. I'm not married."

He looked at me with real pity in his eyes. No kidding. Pity. "Oh," he said, "I'm sorry."

We were getting ready to sail into the invasion of Sicily. At Oran the ship unloaded troops and we went to Algiers to pick up invasion forces. The Mediterranean was blue and calm all through the week we lay in port. It was just about then I fell in love with the sea and the ship, the way any sailor finally does.

I know it sounds silly. A lot of GIs laugh when I tell them, but that is what actually happens. You get to feel about the ship the way you do about a good woman. You like her shape and her lines, and the rhythmical way she sails sometimes is like the walk of a graceful woman.

When she takes the waves and hurtles their crests it reminds you of a woman tossing the hair out of her eyes. Sometimes, when the sea is dead calm, the shimmering sun makes it look like a mirror and that seems to go well with the female beauty of the ship.

That's the way Slim felt and the way I did, too, after a while. I told him one night just before the troops came on.

"I knew you'd feel that way," he said, and his blue eyes seemed to glow. "She *is* like a woman. Like Marilyn."

He never had mentioned his wife's name before. "She's a great kid, Steve," he said. "You'll meet her some day."

I knew he wanted to talk the way we all do sometimes when homesickness wells up inside. You have to let it out or it turns you sour. "What's she like?" I said.

He told me all about her. He was still in high school and a football hero when he fell in love. He showed me her picture. She had a slim, leggy body, full in the right spots, and the kind of lips you can't help wanting to kiss, even on a picture.

They had grown up, of course, all the way to 22. He had married her a year before he joined the Navy. When he was stationed in New York they had an apartment, and she was waiting there now for him.

That night I learned how married life can be when it's right. At first, Slim said, it was all playing house and fun in bed, but after the novelty wore off it was still something wonderful. He never got over the feeling of knowing each day at work that when he got home she would be waiting there for him.

When we hit the sack that night I remember envying Slim and wondering why I hadn't wised up.

The next day the troops were loaded on and we didn't have much time for talking after that. In a week we sailed into Sicily at Gela and came out ten days later. We went through about 40 bombing raids, all of which scared the hell out of me.

After it was over, the ship headed back to Algiers. In a couple of days our outfit transferred off and I only had time for a quick goodbye with Slim. Everyone thought we were going home then, which is a very funny joke now, looking back. Slim gave me a letter to mail to his mother in case I did get back first.

We didn't go home. We sweated out two years in Africa and Italy until the end of the war. I lost track of Slim. You know how it is. You keep meaning to write, but there is less and less to write about as the months grind by, so finally you forget about writing at all. Then we went to the Philippines—direct.

On my first pass into Manila I met Slim. I saw him first and I ran over and clapped him on the back. When he recognized me, he grinned that same wide smile and pointed to the ship in the harbor. It had been over two years since we said goodbye over the rail of that ship. He brought back memories of a time when we were still kids. A lot had happened in those two years, and we had aged about ten.

In the nearest bar we ordered some rum and talked for a while of the guys we both knew. Then he asked me, "Doing anything particular in town, Steve?"

"I thought I'd find out if it's true about the women out here."

"If you do," he said, "pass on the news to me."

"Hell no, Slim. You're an old married man."

"Yeah," he said. The waiter came with our rums.

I noticed how he had changed. He looked up at me and I saw the whole story in his eyes. I couldn't believe it for a minute, and I was hoping he would drop the subject, but he wanted to tell me.

So he told me. After the Sicilian invasion, the ship went into Salerno and then Anzio and then, finally, Normandy, without going home. The crew had been away over a year, a long time for the Navy. And all this time he had been thinking of his wife and living those days they had had in Georgia and New York and dreaming about the new ones to come. A guy gets a pretty good imagination overseas. He needs it.

When he got back the bottom dropped out. His wife was in love with someone else, she said, and wanted a divorce.

When Slim told it to me I felt slightly sick. I could see him looking at her warm, full body and thinking that someone else had been sleeping with her and I could see his look, meeting her eyes and finding it different and wondering how can she do this, what's happened?

"When she first told me I hit her," Slim said. "Can you imagine, Steve?" he clenched his fist in agony. "I hit her!"

"I don't blame you."

"Ah, no," he said, "I shouldn't have. It wasn't all her fault. But I couldn't help it." He clenched his fist again. "Jesus, I hit her!" He examined the offending hand as though it weren't part of his body.

"What do you mean, it wasn't her fault?"

He looked at me for a few seconds and then out towards the water. He had thought all this out.

"Hell," he said. "She was lonesome. Same as we were. Alone in New York, going nuts. It would have been different if she had gone home. But she kept expecting the ship back, and the weeks dragged on.

"You know, Steve," he continued, "we both know a ship's like a woman. Well, if a ship gets in a storm, sometimes she sinks. Same with a woman. . . ."

"Not if she's seaworthy," I said.

"Well," he said finally, "Marilyn was a casualty, that's all. She was young and lonesome and needed someone. It's just that I wasn't there." He looked at his hand again. "She was a casualty, like the guys going nuts over here, or getting hit. A casualty in New York," he said, "that's all."

Neither of us felt much like talking. Before the afternoon was over Slim drowned it all in rum, and I went along for the ride. A couple of days later his ship pulled out and we said goodbye again. He reminded me of the letter for his mother he had given me to mail two years ago, and we both laughed over that.

That night I found the letter in my barracks bag and started to throw it away. Then I decided to open it. I guess most guys can't resist reading other people's mail when no one can possibly know. "Dear Mom, Outside of Marilyn, I guess there's no one I worry about more than you. . . ." I stopped reading and threw the letter on the ground.

Then I picked it up, tore it into strips and burned it.

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Sports: BRONCO RIDER

By Cpl. MIKE DETZER
YANK Staff Writer

TOM KNIGHT came to Madison Square Garden from Cody, Wyo. He had a few stops on the way—North Africa, Sicily, Italy, France, Germany. Last September it was Sergeant Knight; now it's plain Tom. No "mister." Just Tom Knight, cowboy.

Knight is a rodeo bronc-rider. He was a professional for five years before the war, then spent almost four years as a GI with the 2746th Combat Engineers, 591st Amphibious Group. Today he's back with the circuit, working 30 or 35 towns a year, riding in saddle and bareback contests.

"A lot of rodeo cowboys couldn't get into service," Knight explains. "They'd been thrown and trompled too many times and had too many broken bones. But I never broke more than my leg and my shoulder, so they took me."

Knight is 27. He stands 5 feet 10, his 170 pounds hidden in bone and muscle. His voice is strong and pleasant, his accent pure Wyoming. His eyes still hold the shadow of combat. He made the first landing, November 8, 1942, on the African beach, and stuck with his outfit through the war till VE-Day. By the time he got back to the States he'd gathered 108 points.

Today he wears cowboy clothes on the New York streets—bright silk shirt, big hat and boots. No discharge button, though.

"I want to forget about the Army completely," he says. "As it is, I have all I can do thinking about how to stick on a horse."

When you're sitting on a bucking horse, Knight explains, you have to guess what the horse is going to do a split second before he decides to do it. If you guess wrong or late, you go up in the air and down on the ground. And you can't win prize money by getting thrown.

Rodeo riders don't make salaries. To enter any professional rodeo in America they must belong to the Rodeo Association, and also pay entry fees for each contest. Their income is the prizes they win.

For example, in the month-long rodeo in Madison Square Garden, each entry in the saddle bronc-riding contest rides one horse and is scored for his performance. The riders with the highest scores win "day money." Each rider then gets a different horse, and day money is again given to the high-scorers. This continues until each man has ridden several horses; then the best riders go on to the finals. There again the winners collect prize money.

The title of "World's All-Round Cowboy Champion" goes to the man who piles up the highest total score in all the rodeos he rides in throughout the year. Every dollar in prize money won counts toward the year's score.

The rodeo season starts in Denver in January. The riders follow the circuit from there—Fort Worth, Houston, Midland and San Angelo, Tex.; Phoenix and Tucson, Ariz.; Colorado Springs, Colo., where the famous "Will Rogers Rodeo" is held; Boston, New York and dozens of other cities and towns. The biggest indoor show is at the Garden in New York; the largest outdoor is the "round-up" in Cheyenne, Wyo. The season ends in November in Boston.

LUCK plays a big part in a rodeo-hand's life. One bad fall in the middle of the season may cripple a rider for weeks and knock him out of his share in several large prizes. So the cowboys' first rule is "Stick to Your Horse."

But they don't always stick to that rule. Hard spills are a regular part of any rider's life. Broken bones are, too. Cowboys have to stop and think before they can tell you how many bones they've snapped.

That's why a lot of them didn't get into service. But a lot more did. The cowboys say that Fritz Truan, of Salinas, Calif., was the top hand of them all. He was a bronc-rider and all-round champion cowboy. He died on Iwo Jima, a sergeant of Marines.

Some men are coming back from the service now, and it is predicted that next year will be the biggest in rodeo history, both in number of riders and in prize money offered. During the war years, prizes throughout the nation have doubled.

Most rodeo cowboys are born on range land. A few "Broadway hands" sometimes enter contests, but they are not usually successful riders. On the other hand, movie-cowboy heroes are welcomed by the riders.

"Guys like Roy Rogers," said one hand, "they may not have been raised on ranches, but they're good riders, and they do the rodeos a lot good. They draw bigger crowds and get us more big prize dough. And don't think the rodeos don't do them some good, too."

"My father has a ranch," Knight explains about his own riding, "and I've been sitting in a saddle since before I can remember. I used to ride in the home-town rodeos when I was a kid, and went professional when I was 18 or 19. I guess I got started on the circuit because my big brother—that's Nick Knight—worked the rodeos, and he was one of the best riders of them all. Still is, for that matter."

TOM KNIGHT likes to stay outdoors on his December vacation. He hunts and fishes through the mountain country; most of the boys do that, he says. They don't like cities. And they work on ranches at home, too, in the brief off-season.

A rodeo rider will last 15 or 20 years as a professional. Then he finds himself too slow and too badly broken up to keep at the grind. So he gives it up and goes back home, usually to work a ranch of his own, bought with the savings of his rodeo career.

"We get the traveling out of our system," Knight says, "and stick to the West. I know that I'm always tickled to get to the East and New York, and I'm always a lot more tickled to leave it and see my home country again."

The average rodeo program has saddle bronc-riding; bareback bronc-riding; fancy roping contests; calf-roping and hog-tying; a wild-horse race, with the animals ridden bareback; a wild-cow milking contest; wild Brahma-bull riding; steer-wrestling and steer-roping.

Knight sticks to bronc-riding.

"I'm too small, too light to wrassle a steer," he explains. "I'll leave that part of it to guys who tip the scales at a couple of hundred pounds. A big cow will throw me instead of letting me throw her."

A cowboy's life is a good life—if you like it. And these boys do. They have fun; they see a lot of the country, and they make good money—they made up to $10,000 a year before the war, and they'll probably make much more than that from here on in.

Of course, every so often they get half-killed by a horse or steer. But who worries about a fractured skull?

Ex-Sgt. Tom Knight and friend.

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—Cpl. Irwin Touster

"DARLING, I'M BACK! WHAT WAS THAT SURPRISE YOU WROTE ME ABOUT?"
—Sgt. F. H. Phillips

YANK

"YOU ARE A MAN OF EXCEPTIONAL LEADERSHIP ABILITIES . . ."
—Sgt. Jim Weeks

"I THINK I'LL HIT THE SACK. I'VE HAD A HARD DAY'S REST."
—Pfc. Sam Dubin

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